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CLEANSING FIRES.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright.
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain:
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

THERE were only three passengers on the coach as it sped across Dartmoor, eastward, the thick-set Devon horses cheerily breasting the ascents and taking kindly to the downward slopes, as those who knew their lines had never fallen, and never could fall, on the level, and were content to take the evil with the good ungrudgingly, and level it all for themselves in their own minds. And, being true Devon bred, from ears to hoofs, they shook from their manes the heavy moorland rain, too thoroughly accustomed to it in all times and seasons for it ever to come to them as a surprise, and trotted on; while slowly the fog came gliding from the long horizon, intent on making the summer evening dangerous as winter night.

Now and then it lifted a little, and the strained heads of the leading horses loomed weirdly through it; then they were re-enfolded in it and invisible.

Now and then it seemed to break into masses, and parted sufficiently to show the travelers close upon them the grim dark outline of a ruined or deserted mine; then it would link its vague white edges, and becoming a denser veil than ever, shut out all the scene.

Two of the passengers seemed almost to take the misty Devon rain for granted, as the coachman and the horses did; but the third, a broad-built agricultural gentleman who on the way had been deriving much vigor from a pocket-flask, which he kept between whiles within the ample folds of a comforter encircling his substantial neck, stopped the coach, and, descending, shut himself within the body of the bulky vehicle, where, crushed a little, but with his feet on a level with his waist, he slept serenely, if not mutely.

The other passengers—a plump restless little gentleman on the box-seat and a younger, graver man behind—kept their lofty position in face of the driving moorland rain, until, quite suddenly, out of the realm of ever-thickening fog upon their left, there came a woman's cry, sharp and loud, and energetically prolonged.

In the momentary shock the coachman involuntarily pulled up his horses; but in the next instant he shook the reins, with a laugh at his own brief spasm of alarm.

"An ugly cry!" he said shortly, setting his feet more firmly on the board and cracking his whip.

"Not the cry of youth and beauty in distress," admitted the passenger on the box-seat, peering into the wide vague scene with mild benevolent blue eyes, the rain-drops on his smooth round cheeks glistening like tears; "but still——"

The expressive hiatus was full of kindly feeling; but it was lost upon the second outside passenger, who had leaned forward and gripped the bridle-hand.

"What lies over there?" he asked. "A house?"

"A farm, sir 'tis a good quarter of a mile aside, and the fog won't lift while we are in sight. A big ungainly place, and no good things are told of it. Indeed that's likely not a human cry at all!"

"I call it very human," the passenger replied, and with quick confident steps had reached the ground almost before the words were uttered. "Is there a gate near here?"

"No—a narrow lane just further on; but don't 'ee try to get at it, sir."

Apparently the young man did not appreciate this advice.

"I have decided to go," he said; and then, answering an impatient interjection from the broad visage framed by the coach window—"Of course I know you cannot wait."

"Just a few minutes," proposed the plump little gentleman outside. "You will return in a few minutes; and I know our coachman will consent to that."

"It is bad for the horses," began the man.

"It is bad for us all," amended the cheerful little gentleman, "but a kind of duty too."

After that he sat silent, listening to the firm running step of the man of whom he had lost sight, as utterly as if their companionship upon the coach had been a dream, and he had just awakened.

"Why don't we get on?" inquired a big voice from the bowels of the vehicle. "Are we to be kept all night soaking on this bleak height?"

Notwithstanding the tone of this remonstrance, for a little longer the driver held in his horses, waiting unwillingly and yet unwilling to go on—only insisting on blowing a lusty blast upon his horn.

"That will bring him," said the brisk little passenger on the box-seat. "Yes, that will bring him," he reiterated after the second blast; and "Surely that will bring him!" after the third.

But, though there had been generous intervals between, there was no result beyond the breaking of the lonely silence.

"'Tis a whisht place 'bout here," observed the coachman to his restless companion. "I wouldn't have gone up there for a deal of money; the farm has an ill-name."

"But all superstition is very impious," expostulated his companion. "Must you really go on now?"

"Must, sir," returned the coachman determinedly; and none of the passenger's mild suggestions could rule it otherwise.

Groping a little in their first start, the horses pulled away from the unsheltered spot, plunging into a hidden hollow, and then sturdily resuming their old familiar trot.

The solitary outside passenger had lost his chatty restlessness, and was wrapped in thought. True, the young man, who alone had faced unknown danger or distress, was nothing to him. They had never met in their lives before they met upon the coach that afternoon, and they had not exchanged a dozen words upon this journey, yet somehow it was difficult now to withdraw thought from him.

"He did not even look round in doubt which of us should go into this possible peril," he thought. "There was no such question in his mind; he only thought of going himself, and of going promptly."

For about half an hour they had been ploughing onwards through the white mist when he turned to the coachman with energy suddenly renewed, his beaming face full of new inspiration.

"I am in no hurry," he said, "and the gentleman inside is surely comfortable enough. Would you turn back to that wretched house for—for a couple of sovereigns?"

"I don't think it's possible, sir," the man answered, honestly wishing he could oblige this benevolent little gentleman, but without pulling in his horses.

"Say—say a five-pound note," urged the passenger, blushing in the fog over his own proposition.

"I think—I fear—yes"—with unexpected energy—"I'll do it, *sir*; but I must first get down and put it all before the other gentleman. If he objects we can't."

Whether he put it feelingly enough to win consent, or whether he merely found the inside passenger asleep and unconscious of permeating dampness, he never disclosed; but, when he retook the reins, the coach was slowly and cautiously driven on until it could be turned, and then was taken back upon the way it had come. The horses dipped sulkily into the misty hollows, and pushed sulkily against the misty crests, for they knew quite well what was now required of them was an illegal addition to their day's duty.

With many a doubtful glance around him, for his familiar landmarks were smeared almost out of recognition, the man drew up at the corner of the lane which he had been passing when the shrill cry stopped him, and, raising his horn, sent a long blare into the hidden distance. It was answered at once by a clear far-reaching whistle, more familiar to Australian than to Devon ears. A few moments afterwards a spot of light was seen advancing rapidly, and presently two figures grew out of the dense and baffling mist. The passenger on the box-seat leaned forward to look down with a sort of friendly greeting upon his returning fellow-passenger; but the fellow-passenger did not look up at him; the gravity which all the evening had been most noticeable seemed to have deepened now. An old man who had come with him was speaking quaveringly, raising his lantern on a level with the gentleman's face.

"As you like," was the quiet reply; while the gentleman gave a card.

"Is there," inquired the old man, carrying it close to the lantern, "an address on it? I could not find you by the name without any place."

The young man—the light full now upon the sunburnt face—took back the card, and, laying it upon the palm of his left hand, wrote a few words upon it. He had forgotten the very existence of the little restless passenger on the box-seat, whose face he had never seen before that evening; yet it was his own name and address he wrote below his own name to leave behind him.

"That will do," he said, giving back the card, and then cut short the wordy thanks of the old man and mounted to his seat, uttering his own brief but earnest thanks for the delay of the coach.

"What a grip the old fellow gave 'ee, sir!" remarked the driver, without correcting his error as to the delay of the coach. "But 'e's an evil old man, and I don't wonder at your chosing to give un the wrong hand."

"I suspect," the little gentleman said, turning round with a beaming smile which was entirely wasted in the fog, "there was another reason for that. Your right arm is hurt I fear?"

"Nothing, thank you," said the younger man. "I may have strained it."

"Strained it?" was the meditative retort. "I see. This was not a ghostly alarm then?"

"No."

The brief rejoinder was discouraging; but the coachman's inquisitiveness grew, now that the passenger's seemed to be allayed.

"A robbery, sir?"

"You would call it so; but the man most concerned called it restitution."

* * * * *

In the conventional parlance of the town, Brighton was empty, yet to the uninitiated there was little evidence of the fact. A strong east wind swept the King's Road, and played pranks with unwary travelers who tried to pass with dignity the corners of the streets that opened into it; yet the shops had their admiring gazers, and the esplanade its steady passers to and fro. Westward, beyond the pier, its violence seemed appeased a little, and it merely frisked with the woman's skirts and weakened the men's knees; yet here there were fewer passengers. Like other spots which two months later on would be most frequented, it was, on this September evening, almost deserted. Dexterously avoiding the proximity of the few other pedestrians, a young man and woman passed to and fro. Brief irregular spells of silence fell between them; and, when they spoke, there was a noticeable contrast between the quietness of his slow gentle utterance and of her low restrained tones. He was very tall, with a pale refined face, rather long soft reddish-brown hair, a drooping silky moustache of a fairer shade, and handsome aquiline features; and he was dressed—well, just as any gentleman dresses who can afford to go hand in hand with fashion. His companion was slight and of medium height, with a sallow, rather foreign complexion, features well formed, but too thin for beauty, and the penetrating dark eyes that are always called black. Her hair was still nearer black, and was almost satin smooth upon her temples. She was dressed entirely in black, save for a gray albatross's wing in her hat.

"And this is what you came to say?" she asked in unraised tones, and yet each word expressive and distinct, as if it held a sentence.

"No; I came merely because you summoned me."

"You always come at my summons—anywhere."

"I hope so," he said, drawing out his watch. "I had intended to catch the Pullman train back to town, and I have not even dined yet."

"You certainly," she said, piercing him as it were with a flash from her black eyes, "must dine in comfort and travel in comfort, as you are too poor to hold to your engagement."

"You put it selfishly, Agatha. We are both too poor to make an engagement between us anything but folly. I'm not the man to marry a woman to denial and discomfort."

"No, only the man to break her heart." As Agatha Porch quietly said this, looking straight before her over miles of low sea-shore, she closed and opened her right hand two or three times, with a peculiar and spasmodic gesture.

"I might have expected this," she went on presently, he keeping silence. "While my father lived, and every one thought us rich, I was your affianced wife in face of all the world. Now that he has left us penn'less—for it amounts to little less—I ar be—to be," she amended hurriedly a swift glance up at him, "on' secret."

"That would be unfair to you not allow it on any account."

"Because of its unfairness to me?" she queried, with no shade of meekness in her great quietude.

"Yes, because I have a deep consideration for you, though you do not give me credit for it. We are both poor now. In the time you allude to, when we were silly sentimental perhaps, I had immense expectations."

"I never thought of them nor believed in them," came the quick retort. You were no different then from now."

"It was old Glenorrie's chosen heir; there were no secrets and no doubt about the fact. My father saw and read the will, which—after the proof of his own son's death, he leaving no heir—gave me all the property, all save one out-of-the-way farm, which was not really his, and, according to the terms of the long lease, must be held next to kin. Glenorrie knew I was not so ignorant or so regardless of the use and value of money as my po r father was."

"Then has the son appeared now?"

"No. He died indisputably, and as indisputably without leaving an heir. We had that all proved and certified beyond the shallow of a doubt; but no one can be found."

"Then you will be as you always have been, and my expectations never went beyond."

"Try to understand me, Agatha," he said, looking down upon her with a very patient expression. "I never considered there was any binding promise between us; but if you thought it so; remember I have released you."

"I decline to be released," the woman said with again that old action of her right hand; while the wind, which played no unruly havoc with her smooth hair, blew the end of a black ribbon from her neck across her lips, as if to hide their pallor.

"I have released you nevertheless. Our engagement is utterly and totally at an end;" and as he spoke he threw a penny into the outstretched hat of a man who had been performing conjuring tricks upon the beach.

"You have for a long time felt it no burden to be tied to me and yet indifferent," she said; "you will feel it no burden to continue so."

"Pardon me, I do not understand."

"We belong to each other."

"It is odd," he said, with gentle contempt, "to hear a woman take the view you take. I never held myself really bound to you; but in any case I shall not do so from this evening. Will you drive, as the wind is dead against our return? It has been too strong for you. I ought to have thought of that before. Have you dined?"

"Yes," she said curtly. "I have dined sufficiently for a year."

"A little refreshment will do us both good, though, and I must catch the next train."

"You don't ask me when I return," said Agatha, stung by the remembrance of how she had that morning, in happy anticipation bought her ticket intending to return with him.

"No; I understood you were staying here."

"I have been."

"You are," he amended, throwing another penny into a group of four little neat blind boys who were singing hymns round a still neater mother.

"You do not care to stay here, Norman?"

"No, I only come to see you."

"I can attract you even now?"

"You sent for me," he corrected. "What is that man doing? Preaching on the beach, and preaching to children too! What a commendable act! Here we are. We have time for a chop, at any rate."

Norman Pardy courteously waited until his companion was seated before he took his own chair, courtiously consulted her before he gave his order, and cauteously recommended the removal of her mantle before he threw open his handsome overcoat.

"It is a relief to be sheltered from that confounded wind!" he said, with a smile; but neither smile nor words were answered; nor, when the covers were taken, did Agatha raise her hands to touch her knife and fork.

"Do keep me in countenance," he pleaded pleasantly, "for I am positively hungry;" but, save by a tightening of her lips, she answered by no sign.

He took his meal and finished his claret with a deliberation essentially manlike, went through the bill with unhurried care, then, with still the same courteousness, unnecessarily inquired whether his companion was ready. She rose without an answer; and, when he took her from the room, he left behind him a strong impression of masculine solicitude.

"Now, Agatha," he said, standing tall and good-looking on the doorstep to rebutton his coat, "I suppose we must part. Dear me, the evening seems to have descended suddenly while we have been refreshing the inner man! How pretty it is over there! The line of colored lamps upon the pier is like a necklet of gems, rubies and emeralds, with an ample setting of gold. Do you notice?"

"No," she said curtly; "I see only the long red splashes in the dark water underneath."

"Dark? Yes, so it does look quite so among those grim poles below the pier; but that doesn't signify, does it, while the green beacon warns so conscientiously? Where may I leave you?"

"I am going to the station with you," she said, passing out into the King's Road. "I can take a cab back."

"Thank you," he answered, drawing her hand within his arm. "Against this spiteful wind you really must accept my support for the last time."

"If I had any spirit," she said, in her low repressed way, "I should snatch my hand away and leave you; but I have not. You made me lean upon you once, and I must do it now—for ever."

"If it were for our good for you to do so," he said gently while he raised his hand to stop a cab, "I would make it always feasible."

"For your good, you mean," she answered, while once more the fingers of her right hand twitched nervously. "And even for your good, perfidy is not justice."

"An honorable man," said Norman, when he had politely handed her into the cab and followed her, "thinks first what shall be best for the woman who trusts in him. His own welfare is a secondary consideration."

He did not see the glance she gave him, at once desolate and cruel: he was looking from the cab window out on the lighted streets, and she did not speak again until the horses were pulled up again before the station.

"Now, Agatha, where may I direct the man to leave you?" Norman Pardy asked, standing down upon the pavement, with the cab door in his hand. "I will pay him all at once, as it will save you trouble."

"Pay only so far. I am coming in; I have one thing more to ask you."

"Yes?" he queried good-humoredly, as they passed through the booking-office. "I have two or three minutes to spare. Come aside, where there is no crush."

"You say Mr. Glenorrie did make a will?"

"Certainly—the late Mr. Glenorrie," he corrected.

"And left his property to you—Norman Pardy?"

"To me, the unworthy Norman Pardy. That is so, as the Colonel says."

"And you would not think our engagement—irksome if you had that property?"

"My dear Agatha," he pleaded, in a tone of compunction at her humility, "it never was or could be irksome, only selfish and unwise. You ought to understand."

"Ought I? Perhaps I may—some day. You are quite sure of what you say—that the will was made and is not to be found?"

"As sure as that 'I am I and you are you.'"

"Then perhaps it may be found," she said, the words leaving her lips in a quick half whisper. "I can wait and see."

"It would be vain," he answered patiently.

"If there is such a will in existence," she added, "surely a woman's determination and a woman's perseverance will discover it? Why do you smile?" she broke off sharply. "Stay one moment longer. There is another question I have to ask. To whom now does Mr. Glenorrie's property go?"

"To the next of kin."

"And who may the next of kin be?"

"Not known yet; but the idea is that he is out in Australia—an old fellow."

Something in his cold constrained tone made her look sharply up into his face. For an instant her lips quivered, then a short hysterical laugh passed them.

"Good-bye," she said. "You are quite sure that only the need of money makes you leave me?"

"Quite sure," he answered readily, but without meeting her quick dark eyes. "It is not like you to be suspicious, Agatha."

"Yes, it is very like me," she corrected, again with the laugh of jealous misery. "But I will remember that you do not like it, and that may induce me to cure myself. Your name is so essentially peaceful, I ought not to disturb it. Good-bye."

"I have left myself only time to secure a seat, else I would like to see you into a cab."

"Oh, I am able to take care of myself! I will watch you out of sight."

"Thanks," he said politely. "Good-bye, Agatha. If you ever think I can do you any service, let me know."

She did not even bend her head in acknowledgement; but she stood and watched him pass the gates, and walk deliberately along the platform. Holding him in sight she presently followed to the gate, showed a ticket she held in her hand, and passed on to the same train. She noticed that he gave no backward glance before he entered a carriage in the forward part, then she stepped hurriedly herself into the first-class compartment nearest to him, seating herself wearily in one of the farther corners. With her aching eyes fixed upon the darkening window-panes, and her lips tightly closed, she sat as still as a woman in sleep, while the train rushed on through the darkening scene. The rapid motion was some little relief to her in her suppressed excitement, and, when she became aware that the window beside her was closed, she hastily put it down, as if she had in that found the cause of her oppression. Two ladies, who were the only other occupants of the carriage, gave her a surprised and puzzled stare, then interchanged glances with each other, and began to talk again; but Agatha still looked out, and sat quite motionless as the train went on.

"But to me West Worthington is so very dull."

"Oh, wretchedly dull."

"And the people so peculiar."

"Oh, horribly peculiar!"

"They keep themselves so to themselves."

"Oh, frightfully to themselves!"

Agatha listened to the words, attaching to them no meaning at all; but for hours afterwards they kept repeating themselves irksomely in her jaded brain.

"It is very cold and windy," observed one of the ladies, evidently as a hint to Agatha. "I should suppose no other window is open in all the train."

Though she heard these words as distinctly as she had heard the others, Miss Poreh took no heed, and bent even more forward, as if to meet the wind still nearer. Just then there whirled up to the open window, and were blown straight in upon Agatha's lap, some pieces of paper screwed together carelessly.

Listlessly her fingers toyed with the paper; but it was not until she had been roused by the departure of her two companions that her eyes followed the action of her hands, and she found that she had opened the paper, and that it seemed to be a letter torn into three or four pieces and then twisted to throw out into the night. It took only an instant to see that, and it seemed in the same instant that, as the pieces in lay her lap, the writing clear and good, Agatha involuntarily read a name which stood alone on one of them.

There was left no trace of her abstraction now; two red spots burned in her pale cheeks. She fitted the torn pieces together, and read not that name alone, but all the written words again and again. Then she folded the paper neatly and put it within the bodice of her dress, while through all the rest of the chilly journey the feverish color burnt in her face, and there was a dangerous scintillation in her dark eyes.

At Clapham Junction she left the train, standing back in the shadow till it had passed through the station on into the darkness.

Ten minutes later a cab set her down before a small house in a terrace. Her long peculiar knock upon the door caused the abrupt cessation in the middle of a bar of a valse which was being played very lightly and trippingly upon a rather sharp piano, and brought instead to Agatha's ears the sound of running feet and of a delighted loving cry.

"Oh, Agatha, my own dear, I knew you would come!"

"It is a wretched hole to come to, Jessie!" said Miss Poreh, looking along the dim passage, without returning her younger sister's kiss. "What a thing it is to be poor!"

"Oh, never mind! Our room will be bright enough when you are in it."

"To you," said Agatha moodily. "But I'm thinking of the dreariness of myself."

"Yes, of course," was the gentle answer. "It must be quite different to you. You really ought to be well off; and you will be some day, because you are clever and handsome. But, even without being well off, we are quite happy, aren't we, my own dear?"

"Oh, quite!" said Agatha, listlessly accepting her sister's willing devotion as a weariness to which she had become resigned, scarcely once glancing near Jessie who moved about the room, beautifying it for Agatha, fetching Agatha's slippers, drawing up Agatha's chair and making coffee just as she knew that Agatha liked it between each task going up to Agatha a little timidly and kissing her without a word.

The girl was utterly deceived in thinking her elder sister had no happiness to dream of in which she had not her share, and in thinking all must go smoothly and pleasantly for one so clever and so handsome as Agatha; yet she was never deceived in her acute and painful consciousness that Agatha often wearied of her, and preferred her silent worship to her loving prattle. To the simple unambitious girl, with her depths of affection one day so cruelly and tragically to be tested, this was a pain which—though no one would ever read it—might go hand in hand with many a sorrow almost sublime which wins the world's sympathy and tears and might plead in heaven for the devoted, sorely-tried, and not all responsible nature which bore so much in silence, and in unconsciousness of its own bravery and its own sad, sad excuse.

If it were best for her that she did not know how sometimes Agatha—brought hastily from far dreams and resolutions by the clear, thin, almost childish voice—as now, would passionately and wickedly wish that her sister even hated her, if only thus could she be made to leave her alone, yet it were not best perhaps that she should not know how sometimes in the dark wakeful watches of the night Agatha would shed a few hot hard-wrung tears over some remembered coldness to the sister who, at twenty-three, asked for no love beyond her sister's, no happiness beyond her sister's presence, no joy beyond her sister's approbation.

The girl's simple and self-forgetting nature was imbued with such deep, if narrow, sympathy—which she, in her great humility, never understood, and which no one understood, save, surely, the angels—that she sat in actual suffering watching her sister pace the floor with that nervous opening and closing of her right hand, and then try to eat as vainly as she tried to keep thought within the narrow boundaries of this room which held all Jessie's happiness.

Something was annoying Agatha; but, unless Agatha spoke of it, it was, of course not to be spoken of. Whether she was to be told, Agatha knew best. Once or twice Agatha met her sister's wistful gaze—Jessie's eyes had a rather oddly wistful expression, as if they asked a question with the full consciousness of no answer being possible—and Agatha put aside summarily the doubts that had only momentarily crept in.

"If I told her, her eyes would ask another question. They never cease; they give me no peace."

"I am tired," she said, abruptly rising from the scarcely touched supper, and turning her back on her sister, while she resumed her pacing of the narrow room.

"You must be," assented Jessie briskly, for all the stifled sigh. "I ought to have thought of it. We will have prayers now."

"Not to-night," said Agatha, an irrepressible shiver running through her slight upright frame. "I will go to bed."

"Very well," returned Jessie, she had only moved to a side-table to light a candle, yet the act was singularly suggestive of a shrinking from Agatha's sharp tone—"I always fancy I go to sleep sooner when we have read the prayer you wrote for us; but it does not matter, my own dear. I know it by heart, and will say it to myself in bed. Of course you know it too, as you wrote it. Oh, Agatha, if every one did not know, as I do, how clever you are, and how good, and ——"

"Good night, Jess," said Agatha, very calmly interrupting and kissing her. It was characteristic of Agatha Poreh that, when impatient, she was always cool—when passionate was always cold.

"I'm afraid you are not well. Not the old pain, I trust? Shall I stay with you to-night?"

"No, certainly not. I am—all right."

"Oh, yes, of course!" acquiesced Jessie hopefully, though looking with deep anxiety into her sister's pale face. "I will leave the brandy in your room, though, please."

The sisters' rooms were separated only by the thinnest of London walls, yet even Jessie's ears never caught the light stealthy step that so long trod the floor of the next room, while again and again Agatha repeated to herself Norman Pardy's own words—

"Not known yet; but the idea is that he is out in Australia an old fellow."

"I understand," she said at last, her hand upon the paper still in her breast; "and, if it is so—and it must be—must be—I pray that his heart may break with love unrequited—more than unrequited—despised and scorned! But"—with a sudden change of tone and the dropping of her hand—"it cannot be! It is impossible—for Norman!"

Early in the morning Jessie, creeping to her sister's door with anxious queries, found her reception unexpectedly warm, and her gladness was almost pitiful to see.

"Jessie, come in; I have made another plan for us—for you and me."

"Yes; there are only you and me now."

"We are going away. Do you mind?"

"Mind going anywhere with you? Oh, no! How could I?"

"We will go then at once."

Agatha's words fell rather icily on Jessie's prompt unquestioning enthusiasm.

"We can go to-morrow, if you wish it," said the younger girl readily.

"No, we cannot, for we have business first. We cannot live in lodgings, as we live here, for I will have no spying upon us."

"No," said Jessie meekly. "We will—I don't quite know what; but we will do exactly as you wish, my own dear."

CHAPTER II.

A SPARE and elderly waiter, with a face of funereal solemnity, and an altogether vain attempt at funereal silence, was clearing away the breakfast things. A young woman sat sewing at another table, and a girl stood at one of the windows. It was a dull view on which she looked, and it told her nothing of how near her lay some of the loveliest bits of England—for the sleepy little town of Eastmouth held secret the loveliness of the land which it had done its little best to unbeautify. The hotel stood half way up its steep, narrow street, and the outlook from the window where the girl stood was simply the inlook to a shoemaker's shop where, in scarlet letters on the glass door which looked as if it were never opened, glared the fierce demand, "Send Your Repairs." The girl as little knew that the line of ugly shops hid from her a glorious view of wooded heights, of towering headlands, and of fisher-fleets crossing the sunshine of the bay, as she knew what hid the brightness and the breadth and the beauty of her own life.

"Do people ever pass along this street?" she inquired of the waiter, who, after a struggle with himself as to the right reading of this query, hoarsely informed her that people did pass daily.

"Do you think we shall see one if we stay here a few days?"

The waiter took on a mild appearance of deafness; then, still better to fill the gap in the conversation, drew forward a heavy copper coal-urn, and built up the fire. The girl, turning her back on the shoemaker's shop, and crushing one of the frail white curtains which lurked behind the red ones at each narrow window, thought absently how everything in the room was heavy, then how everything was also old, and, thinking this, looked at the man, and said, in swift bright tones—

"I like your little town, and I do not miss the passers-by. I shall come back to it—presently."

The old man bowed in a forgotten fashion, and a slow light of comprehension dawned in his pale eyes.

"I will keep up the fires, lady, and attend to any orders you leave."

"I am sure you will. I want a cab now, please, such as you would send to the station."

"Not an open landau, lady?"

"Oh, no! Rachel," the girl said, when the waiter had left the room on tiptoe, "I must in any case come back to this room, with its gleaming old copper and glass, and its worn old carpet and waiter. Of course I must. I shall miss this wall-paper too"—she had glanced away from a blurred old mirror near her, smiling at uneven eyebrows and distorted nose and lips—"for I think a brick-red groundwork, with blue

roses growing luxuriantly all over it upon ivy stems, is very interesting."

"Yes, madam," said Rachel demurely.

"Have you prepared my little bag?"

"Yes, madam. And may I really not come with you?"

"Not to-day. You will follow on the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, madam," said Rachel; and at that moment the cab was announced, and the girl—a girl under twenty, dressed in a very ordinary and unlovely brown dress and cloak and bonnet, with just one little yellow briar rose in her neck—went down and took her seat in it.

Even stunned as she was through that drive up and down the hilly lanes of Devon, she saw what beautiful scenery was around her. Now she would catch a glimpse of the wooded heights above Torquay, the white houses all half hidden among the trees still richly clothed on this October day; now of the tall red cliffs; and now of a little wooded cove, and the fair far, quiet sea. They drove at last along a lane where the trees arched overhead, making twilight in the heart of day, then under an ornamental bridge which spanned the lane, connecting the private grounds of Merlswood on either side, and then through two open iron gates, while a woman strolled out from the lodge near by to scrutinise; then they turned into an ancient-looking hilly avenue. On its crest the man drew up his horse in pure compassion, and the girl leaned forward and looked upon an old house, square and ivy-covered—not beautiful, though Nature had clothed it exquisitely—standing on a level plateau of the hilly park.

On two sides this park was screened by hills, and here grew thickest the grand old patriarchal trees, their many-tinted leaves resisting still the mild October winds; on the other two sides it was open to the sea, reached now by twisting paths, now by sloping lawns, now by steeper wooded slopes, now by lonely towering cliffs sheer and impassable—in all ways, as it seemed.

When the driver of the cab had awakened a sonorous peal from the great bell, and the girl had descended and taken his place, looking upon her chariot and charioteer, a slight momentary blush spread over her face. They looked so mean and dingy in this spot. She turned nervously when she heard the wide old door thrown open, and looked with rather curious scrutiny into the servant's face; but in that curious pause its rigidity never relaxed.

"Is Miss Glenorris at home?" she asked; and it needed no abnormal astuteness in the young footman to detect the fact that she was shy in his presence.

"Miss Glenorris has not arrived," he answered, from his stern altitude.

"Not arrived!" the girl echoed. "When then is she expected?"

"It is uncertain, ma'am. Probably the day after to-morrow," he added, as a generous after-thought.

"Who is here now?"

"Mrs. Klenon and Mrs. Fears-Klenon."

"I will see one of those ladies, please," the girl said, not timidly, yet with a little hesitation.

"What name, ma'am?"

"Say Miss Hopkins."

The man led her through a great hall, where the brazen dogs had no fires yet to guard, and so she could see behind the open grate the fine casting of the Glenorris arms, and on into a long old-fashioned room where the fire was huge enough, and where a lady near it lay back in a large easy-chair with a novel on her lap and a very white large hand upon its open pages. She glanced round at the footman's announcement of Miss Hopkins, then, slightly bowing as she sat, put aside the volume, and took up a gorgeous piece of silk embroidery.

"Miss Glenorris meant to have been here to-day," said the girl, coming quietly forward, "and the—your servant tells me she has not yet reached home."

"Home!" echoed the lady, lifting her ample shoulders with an essentially English rendering of an essentially French shrick. "Miss Glenorris has not reached here. Did you really expect to find her, Miss Hopkins?"

"She wished me to come to-day, and she meant to be here herself," said the girl simply.

"How very awkward for you! What will you do?" asked Mrs. Fears-Klenon, leaning back, and languidly putting in her slow stitches to give Miss Hopkins time for her decision.

But Miss Hopkins thought only of her, and looked at her quite unquizzingly and unfurtively, trying to read her. It was a short face for so large a frame; but it was encircled by such an accumulation of light hair that detect was not noticeable. She had rather a young face for her thirty years, with a shallow dimple which she constantly displayed in a rather artificial smile; but the intense indolence evident in every look and movement—and especially in the want of movement—made it difficult for the girl, so gravely studying her, to feel in the slightest degree attracted to her. She felt to wondering whether, according to all obtainable calculations, the working of that cushion would not occupy a goodly lifetime; and just as she pondered this a second door in the room opened, and another lady entered—the mother of the younger one, beyond a doubt.

"Mamma," said Mrs. Fears-Klenon, dropping her work and slowly turning the handsome rings on her left hand, "this is a friend of Miss Glenorris's—Miss Hopkins; and Miss Glenorris invited her to visit Merlswood for a few days—or weeks, is it? She presumably expected to be here herself."

"You know Miss Glenorris?" questioned the elder lady of her visitor, without noticing what had gone before.

"I was at the same school for a time—a good while ago," explained the girl simply. "You know her?"

"We only know," said the younger lady, with the smile which long habit had made second nature, "how ridiculous it is for a girl like that to step suddenly into such a position as ours, and such wealth as—Mr. Glenorr's's."

"But is she not nearer to him than any one else?"

"Far less near than any of us, save in a legal sense."

"But I suppose"—gently—"that is the sense which signifies. When is Miss Glenorris expected?"

"On the twentieth, so they tell me," replied Mrs. Klenon; "but I suppose she may come earlier, or later, for she is in London now buying dresses, and that is sure to be an entrancing occupation for her. She came into the property some three months ago, and was too much ashamed to appear. Some say she went back to school in London, and some that she entered a foreign school."

"She had no relatives to go to then?" inquired Miss Hopkins, her eyes upon the lazy hands of Mrs. Fears-Klenon. It was an odd fact, and one of which Kate Fears-Klenon herself was well aware, that the eyes of her companions were generally held by her hands.

"Her old step-father—if he can be called a relative—died just as the property came to her three months ago. I know nothing about it myself; but I have understood she has no one else."

"No relative—here?" inquired Miss Hopkins, her eyes still following the slow motion of Mrs. Fears-Klenon's fingers.

"Oh, no! They certainly trace her descent through the male line up to a brother of the father of the late Mr. Glenorris; but I shudder to think through what low side-channels the old name has been dragged. By the marriages in our line, though our descent may not be so direct, the Glenorris blood has been dignified, not debased."

"Has no one here seen her?" inquired Miss Hopkins.

"No one, except Mr. Pardy, who, for his own amusement, assisted Mr. Redby, the family solicitor, to trace her, and who even went up into Scotland to see her. When we heard of Mr. Glenorris's illness, my daughter and I came at once to Merlswood at some inconvenience, and have managed the establishment ever since; yet that girl sent word that the Dower House was to be prepared for us."

"And is the Dower House not a comfortable dwelling?"

"Our home ought to be here," asserted Mrs. Klenon conclusively. "That Mr. Glenorris omitted to make a will should not shut every one's eyes to justice."

"No, indeed it should not."

"It will be bad enough," put in Mrs. Fears-Klenon lazily, "to have a stranger disturbing our pleasant little community, as she certainly will, without our having to restrict our own establishment."

"But," inquired Miss Hopkins, with a new flash of interest in a subject which had evidently bored her, "if Mr. Glenorris made no will and you are not next of kin, how is it that—I am so ignorant of these things, you must excuse me—that your establishment has, as you say, been here since Mr. Glenorris's death—three months ago—and that the Dower House is being prepared for you?"

"That was not very much for the new inheritor to vouchsafe, was it?" queried Mrs. Fears-Klenon, with her ready smile.

"Then she begged you to stay, and offered you the Dower House, for use afterwards?"

"I forget how the message was framed, though Mr. Redby conveyed it. I declined to read it."

"But consented to stay?"

"It was greatly to her interest that we should. It will be bad enough for Merlswood when we turn out for such a person as——"

"As probably any schoolfellow of mine would be," suggested Miss Hopkins quietly.

"I meant to allude to her past life," corrected Mrs. Fears-Klenon, unmoved. "She has lived for two years, and perhaps more, in the wilds of Australia. She came home with her step-father, who was taken ill in some forgotten Scotch place where she was found. I forget whether the news of her good fortune reached her just before or just after the man's death; but the two events trod closely upon each other, I remember. Just think of the change for her! They were quite poor, and she would have been a pauper, for the man's money died with him, when she found she owned all this property. It is quite fifteen thousand a year and splendid jewels, all made heir-looms a generation ago."

"Is that so large a fortune?" inquired Miss Hopkins, calmly indifferent, "I seem to have heard of very much larger ones. I suppose preparations are made for her coming? You will give her a welcome home?"

Mrs. Fears-Klenon looked up with her cold prompt smile.

"I hope they will not. Merlswood and its revenues form welcome enough to turn the girl's head, and why should the people further such a result?"

"Why, indeed?" said her listener thoughtfully. "It will too soon be turned without their help. Then Mr. Pardy is the only one who has seen her?"

"Yes; and he tells me—— What is it, Roland?"

"The young lady's driver, ma'am, wishes to know if he is to put up his horse or return."

"Will you stay?" asked Mrs. Klenon very politely, yet with no attempt at geniality.

"Perhaps," meditated Miss Hopkins, "Miss Glenorris would be better pleased if I did. Unless," she added, with mechanical politeness, "it puts you to inconvenience."

Mrs. Fears-Klenon smiled, again with the shrug of her ample shoulders.

"It cannot affect us. We dine out this evening; but, if solitude does not dismay you, pray stay until Miss Glenorris arrives. I daresay you will like to see the grounds; they are beautiful, though the house is so old. I am not strong, and rarely walk, else I would offer myself as cicerone; and my sister is in Torquay to-day. Luncheon, is it? I am very glad. I am beginning to feel quite exhausted, mamma."

Miss Hopkins, watching the slow rising of the handsome form from the chair, caught herself musing over a new meaning to exhaustion and weakness; then she followed the maid upstairs, and pretended not to see that her small bag excited much contempt.

The luncheon was a formal and not very entertaining meal, yet there was no dearth of conversation. Mrs. Fears-Klenon was encouraged by having an attentive listener to expatiate on what a blow the county felt in that Merlswood, which had descended from father to son in an unbroken line for quite seven hundred years, had to be delivered over to a girl who knew nothing of county society, and with whom the county could not possibly associate as they had been accustomed to associate with the Glenorrises. And, though their notions of good breeding pulled in an opposite direction, both mother and daughter gave way to curiosity, and probed Miss Hopkins about her old schoolfellow, showing a fair amount of gratification over the fact that Miss Hopkins could not conscientiously give her friend even the scantiest meed of praise.

After the meal was over, they returned to the drawing-room. Merlswood had an immense drawing-room for state occasions; but it was comfortably shut off from this lesser room.

"All the rooms in Merlswood are terribly antiquated," observed Mrs. Fears-Klenon, re-taking her especial easy-chair. "I get hipped directly in the morning-rooms: the library is locked up, and there is not what I call a habitable lady's boudoir throughout the house."

"I suppose your own house is very beautiful, I mean artistic," observed Miss Hopkins, in a spirit of friendly interest.

"My daughter's home in London is of course everything that even my daughter could desire," returned Mrs. Klenon significantly. "Her husband is the Mr. Fears known to every one, in our world, as rich and influential; but he is abroad just at present."

Fortunately no answer was compulsory, for just at that minute "The Miss Nelsons" were announced, and two girls came in with gay greetings and a fresh sweet whiff of the wholesome outer air. Both were dressed alike in dark walking-costumes with broad hats; both had pretty healthy English faces, and both had clear happy unsuspicious voices. After their introduction to her, Miss Hopkins caught them again looking at her, not at all inquisitively, but with an interest perfectly well bred and natural; and, when they rose to go, one of them, the one Miss Hopkins guessed to be the elder, though there was no distinct evidence that she was so, addressed Mrs. Klenon.

"I know you are both going out this evening, and that Anne is in Torquay, so may we persuade Miss Hopkins to come home with us for a few hours, just till Anne shall be here? It will be quite a treat to us."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Fears-Klenon, as if the desire for Miss Hopkin's enjoyment had been paramount in her heart. "That will be a charming arrangement. Miss Hopkins cannot possibly feel shy with you, you are all so friendly with everybody."

"I hope so," returned Theresa Nelson, with a side-glance at Miss Hopkins, and a full consciousness that Mrs. Fears-Klenon did not admire promiscuous friendliness, or understand the subtle distinction between that and the friendliness of true good nature.

"Then, as that is all so very satisfactorily settled for you young people," said the younger matron, with the smile that proclaimed her own sweet willingness to consider herself old, "and as the carriage is probably waiting, we will put on our bonnets."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE is not too much, but too little benevolent effort in our midst; yet a large portion of what there is is wasted by the unwise ways in which it is rendered. The parent who supports his child in idleness when it should be self-supporting, or decides everything for him instead of accustoming him to decide for himself, the teacher who pours out to his class the information they ought to work to obtain, the employer who himself performs or finishes the work that belongs to his subordinate, the compassionate man or woman who gives money, food, or clothing to the idle or improvident instead of inducing them to earn it for themselves, any one, in fact who extends such aid to another as disinclines him for personal effort is actually, though it may be unconsciously, fighting against the principle of self-help which all admit to be so strong a pillar of our national welfare.

JOHNNIE was kicked by his pony. "What made him kick you?" inquired his sympathising aunt. "I don't know," sobbed Johnnie: "I didn't ask him."

Bric-a-Brac.

AGE OF TREES.—Botanists have evidence that trees may attain very long lives. The age of an elm has been estimated at 335 years; that of some palms at from 600 to 700 years; that of an olive tree at 700 years; of a plane tree at 720; of a cedar at 800; of an oak at 1500; of a yew at 2880; of a taxodium at 4000, and of a boabab tree at 5000.

WOOD HEAVIER THAN WATER.—When vessels or timber sink to great depths in the sea the pressure is so great that water is forced into the pores, and the wood becomes too heavy to rise again. Even when a ship is broken up the detached portions sink like lead. It is this pressure that makes it impossible for divers to descend to any great depths.

LUCKY FRIDAYS.—Friday, long regarded as the day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history. Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery. Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America. Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded. Friday, George Washington was born. Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made. Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Americans surely ought not to be afraid of Friday.

THE OLDEST PAPER.—The oldest newspaper in the world is the Chinese Pekin *Journal*, which was founded in the year 911. It only appeared regularly, however, after the year 1451. This ancient sheet has lately undergone a radical change, appearing now in three editions. The first is called *King-Poan* (Journal of the Inhabitants) and is printed on yellow paper. This is the official sheet of the Chinese Empire. The second edition is entitled *China-Poan* (Journal of Commerce). It also is printed on yellow paper and is devoted to trade and commerce. The third issue, called *Pitan-Poan* (Provincial Journal), is issued on red paper and publishes the most important matter that has appeared in the other editions.

THE THIMBLE.—A bi-centenary of a curious kind has recently been celebrated at Amsterdam, being no less than the celebration of the invention of the thimble. It is just two centuries since last October that the first European thimble was made by a young goldsmith, who devised the article for the protection of the finger of his lady-love, for thimbles, like many greater things, owe their origin to Cupid. The English were the first to make thimbles on a large scale; but long before either Dutch or English thought of thimbles Chinese ladies were thimbled when they worked at their grand embroidery. The Chinese thimbles bore—and bear to this day—the form of a lovely lotos flower. There is no such poetry of shape in the old Western finger-hat.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.—The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. A tailor had a great number of black suits which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always sinking "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work. In consequence he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

THE LAUGHING PLANT.—This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed-pods are soft and wooly while the seeds resemble small black beans and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an unrestrainedly ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—A dangerous spider that is found on the pampas of Central America is thus described by a correspondent: When a person passes near, say within three or four feet of its lurking place, it starts up and gives chase and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly getting bitten by one of the savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me. The gauchos have a very quaint ballad which tells that the City of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out with beating drums, and flags flying to repel the invasion, and after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives.

THE ENEMIES.

BY S. O. BERT.

Mine enemy, who time and oft
Had smitten me with words like swords,
And trampled on my answer soft,
Till I, too, smote with angry words,

Is dead, and I am fairly quit.
God give him rest. Once well away,
Seeing he loved me not a whit,
No heart have I to bid him stay.

And yet methinks the God who framed
Both him and me had made us such,
That we were scarcely to be blamed
For loving not each other much.

The little good there was in me,
It was not his, nor in his way;
His good I haply might not see,
Because he lacked one darling trait.

We liked not, and misliking lent
Our virtues its own fatal sting,
And many a shaft that anger sent
Was feathered from a virtue's wing.

The aggressor he, his active life
Committed him to this or that;
I slipped, but loth, into the strife,
Where he was dog and I was cat.

Now, 'twixt the twain who lately closed
In contest on life's petty stage,
Eternity hath interposed
The shadow of its dateless age.

To-day I saw his resting place—
A grave that friendship's flowers entwine—
And wondered, with a troubled face,
If any hands would cherish mine.

The space about was kept, they said,
For some who wished their bones to lay
As near as might be to the dead
Whom I in life had wished away.

God give him life! The single crime,
Mislike of me, should hardly blot
His fame with one who many a time
Can soothly say, "I like me not."

Perhaps we never fairly met
That part in each God meant should live,
And so incurred no lasting debt,
And have but little to forgive.

Thus, entering at opposing gates—
For heaven has many gates, they say—
We each may find a comrade waits
Who quarreled with him by the way.

In jarring notes that vex the ear
Throughout life's feeble overture,
'Tis oft the tuning that we hear
To make the after-concord sure.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X—(CONTINUED.)

SHE did not shrink for a moment; then she withdrew her arm quickly and moved slightly away.

"Yes, I do want polish," said Range to himself. "No gentleman would have done that. I have gone back in her opinion."

"What!" he said aloud, and half bitterly, "you could listen for ever to an American telling such stories?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly, and with girlish *naivete*: "it is all so real and truthful."

"Then you don't think I was bragging and inventing?"

"Why should I, Mr. Range?" she replied. "I think you would be too much of a gentleman to impose upon a young girl's credulity."

"I wouldn't. On my soul, I wouldn't," he cried, earnestly; "but I'm not a gentleman, Miss Judith; and here I feel it more and more every day. Mine has been such a rough life—among rough people. Uncle and I lived for years with our lives not worth an hour's purchase. For years we never went to bed knowing that we should get up and see another day's sun."

"I should like to know your uncle," said Judith, ingenuously.

"Uncle Wash.? I know you would. He's the dearest, truest, most generous fellow that ever lived. He's very rough, though. I'm afraid he'd say things that would shock you, though his heart's as innocent as a child's, and the way he looks upon women is as if they were something holy."

"I should like to see him," said Judith again.

"You're not likely to see him," said Range. "Your lives will be very far apart, unless some day the captain should make up his mind to bring you out for a trip to America. If he does, and you two don't make my home yours for as long as you'll both stay, there'll be one very sore heart in the United States, Miss Judith, and that will be mine."

Arthur Range had not noticed it, but Judith had been listening to him with her eyes fixed in the gathering gloom upon her cousin Alice, who was listening as intently as she to Carleigh's eager conversation, but Judith heard nothing thereof, on account of a little waterfall just by their feet, whose murmur drowned the captain's deep, earnest voice.

"It is time we went back to the house," said Judith, rising. Then, raising her voice: "Alice, dear, isn't it time for tea?"

Lady Fanshaw started up as if brought to herself by her cousin's words.

"Yes, dear; it is quite time," she cried. "Ah, Mr. Range! what have you been finding to talk about?" she continued, placing her hand upon his arm, and leaving Judith to follow with Carleigh.

"Mostly about myself," he said, bluntly. "That's about my only subject, Lady Fanshaw. I'm afraid you English people will think we are a terrible set of bores; but, as I've been telling Miss Nesbitt, my life has been almost entirely spent in the wilds."

"I think you are too fond of condemning yourself, Mr. Range," said Lady Fanshaw. "Perhaps, after all, it is better and more manly to be out and doing in the forest and mountain than hanging about drawing-rooms, flirting and talking nonsense with silly women whose heads are full of what people call love."

Range started to hear her speak so bitterly.

"But I often fancy that I am very uncouth."

"Then don't fancy so again," she said, smiling.

"Well, if, when I am gone, you don't think ill of me, I shall not care."

"But you are not going yet," she said, warmly. "We all like you very much, and hope you will stay."

"I did not like to interrupt you, Judith," said Carleigh, as they came slowly on behind Range and Lady Fanshaw; "you seemed so pleasantly engaged."

"I was," she replied, calmly, and piqued the captain into saying—

"And what has our American friend got to say?"

"To say? Oh, he has been telling me some of his adventures with the Indians."

"A new Othello before Desdemona," sneered Carleigh.

"An unhappy comparison, George Carleigh," said Judith, in a firm, quiet tone.

"Oh! I beg pardon," he said, sharply. "I meant no harm. How long is he going to stay?"

"Really, I cannot tell," said Judith.

"Because I'm getting tired of him. I can't get a word with you now. It's too bad."

Judith turned and looked him so firmly in the eyes that he began to awaken to the fact that this was no weak, milk-and-water girl such as he had been accustomed to consider her, and the remainder of the walk up to the house was almost in silence.

"Bah!" muttered Pollock, "I haven't heard a pen'orth o' good. But never mind; better luck next time. Pst! who are they?"

"Not much learned this time, Shell," whispered the medical-looking man to his companion.

"No, my dear boy, not much," was the reply.

"Better luck next time. It moves, Nathan, it moves. He's snug here for a time. We know that. Now let me take mine ease at mine inn."

Saying this, they walked pretty briskly towards the place where they were making a stay, tracked at a distance by Pollock, who was all eagerness to know their business, and to see which way they went.

CHAPTER XI.

FISHING FOR TROUT AND——.

IT was not by any means a difficult task to follow the two strangers through the dusk of the evening, for after getting out into the road they went unhesitatingly along, walking sharply over the hill till they reached the Brockley river, which ran rapidly gurgling down among the stones and beneath the overhanging trees.

Here they crossed the river by the old stone bridge, and entered a quaint little hostelry much frequented by anglers.

"If they're not watching me, what's their game?" said Pollock, as he saw them pass the bar, ornamented with stuffed trout and grayling; directly afterwards a light appeared in a side room, and, the blind not being down, he could see them take their places at a well-spread table.

"Nothing like taking the bull by the horns," muttered Pollock, and entering the kitchen of the little inn he called for a pint of ale. "I can pay my way now, and I may as well sleep here as anywhere else," he thought.

Abel Pollock's life had been of so unsatisfactory a character during the past few years that the feeling upon him was not whether he had done anything to offend the law, but what particular offence it was that had brought those strangers down to watch him.

"Well, I shan't run," he said; "if I do, they'll only hunt me out, for the police arrangements all over the country are in a blackguardly state. A poor fellow can't go from one town to another without its being known. I shall stay here."

Nothing occurred that night, and the next morning, seeing the two strangers go out directly after breakfast to begin whipping the stream with all the clumsiness of complete amateurs, he contented himself with watching them, till, seeing Burton come strolling up the river bank towards where they were fishing, he drew back and went off out of sight, more puzzled than ever, but with his ideas strengthened that these men were after him, and had made an appointment with Burton to hear a little more about his proceedings.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and Abel Pollock would have been both puzzled and astounded if he had heard the conversation that took place when the keeper sauntered up, for his first words were—

"Well, gentlemen, much sport?"

"Sport? No," said the clerical-looking man, smiling blandly. "I say, now, tell me are there really any fish in this river?"

"Fish in this river?"

"Yes; the landlord says there are plenty of good trout, and we've been throwing flies for hours without a rise."

Burton chuckled a little.

"Throw again, sir," he said; "there, up towards that bush, there's most likely a good one lying there."

The clerical-looking man made a clumsy cast, and his companion tried to do likewise, but with less success than his friend, for while the former succeeded in making a bit of a splash some distance out, he caught his fly in the grass behind him, and had to go and unfasten the tangle that ensued.

"There's no catching trouts or graylings that way, sir," said Burton, smiling. "Let me show you."

He took the long light rod, drew out some more line, examined the fly, and then, making the point of the rod form a letter S in the air, he made an apparently effortless cast, sent the fly out to the extreme length of the line, and let it fall like a feather upon the water.

"Hah! I thought so," said Burton, as there was a ring on the water. "He's there, but he rose short."

He cast again, the fly falling close to the part where there was a little eddy in the clear water; then there was a quick rise, a turn of the keeper's wrist, a violent splashing, and he handed the rod to its owner.

"There you are, sir. You see, there are trout. They only want catching."

"Ah, of course, and you're experienced and I know nothing about it. Come out, sir, come out, come along! There, he's gone!"

"Gone! Yes, sir," chuckled Burton; "but you ought to have managed to land him."

"Oh, it don't matter, keeper. I've only come out for a bit of a change—country air, you know. Nice place all about here. Have a cigar?"

"Thankye, sir. You won't mind me cutting it up? I always smoke a pipe."

"Have some tobacco, then?"

"Thankye, sir," said Burton, accepting a handful of golden, mossy-looking weed from an india-rubber bag. "Yes, it's a nice place all about here."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir—Sir Harry Fanshaw's; just over the hill. Bit of this river comes through our grounds."

"Sir Harry Fanshaw, eh? Oh, I know! Where the old lodge gates are, with the ivy over the chimney?"

"That's the place, sir."

"We saw him yesterday, don't you remember? Good-looking young fellow, with brown beard and moustache, walking with a fair lady. You remember, Nathan?"

"No, no, no!" said Burton; "that's Mr. Range—'Merican gent staying at the house. The lady was Miss Nesbitt."

"Then the dark military gentleman with the dark lady was Sir Harry?"

"No, sir, that's the captain—master's sort o' ward, you know. That was her ladyship though," added the keeper.

"Oh, I see. Why don't you fill your pipe? That's good tobacco."

"Ah, I ought to be getting back, sir," said Burton, filling an old black pipe; "but I'll smoke for a few minutes, and see you catch another trout."

"Oh, never mind the trout. I'll have a cigar and a chat for a change."

He suited the action to the word, and then held the light to the keeper, who was soon puffing away contentedly, while the two anglers made a few idle casts.

"What sort of a man's Sir Harry, eh?"

"Quite old gentleman, sir, with white hair."

"Think he'd give us leave to have a few casts in his private part of the river?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He'd give you leave if you asked him."

"Because he'd know we shouldn't catch any fish, eh?"

"Well, I don't think, begging your pardon, gents, as you'd ketch many. Our trout takes a lot of catching; but if you like to ask, I shall be set to tend you, and I'll see as you get a few."

"Captain fish much?"

"No, sir; he only shoots—being a soldier," added Burton, as if it were a good joke.

"Ah, I see. American gentleman clever with the rod?"

"Not he, sir. Seems to like taking walks with the ladies, and reading to 'em, and getting out by himself in the woods to read poetry right out aloud."

"You don't say so!" said the clerical-looking man, with a sharp glance at his companion, who stuck the spear of his rod into the ground and prepared his own pipe.

"Oh, yes, sir. I never see a gentleman so fond of reading out aloud to himself."

"Going on the stage, perhaps?"

"Not he, sir. They say he's as rich as half a dozen Jews. No, I don't know what it means, 'less it's to make himself more of a scholar like."

"And he reads out aloud in the woods, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I often run again him. Nice gent though. Always got a kind word for you and a coin."

"Well, I don't think we'll ask leave, as Sir Harry has two visitors in the house. We may come down again in a few days, and he'll be gone."

"Not he, sir," said Burton. "I shouldn't wonder if he were to stop another month or two for the shooting."

"Shooting?"

"Yes, sir; the birds, sir. Time's going on. If you think anything of it, you write a line to Sir Harry, and say you're gents from London; he'll give you leave directly. Fair sport in anybody's what he likes—shooting, fishing, hunting. He finds plenty of 'em for his friends. Never does anything of the kind himself."

"Ah, well! perhaps we'll ask him, keeper."

"Do, sir, do; and now I must be off. Look here, sir. Just give your line a wave like that, and then send your fly right out over the water, so as it drops like a flake o' snaw. There, that's the way, sir. It'll come easy if you try."

Burton suited the action to the word, and then went on along the side of the beautiful little river, leaving the two fly-fishers making abortive casts till he was out of sight.

"That will do, Nathan," said the clerical-looking man. "We've earthed him, and he's likely to stay."

"And goes out alone in the woods, Shell!"

"Yes; that may be very useful. Come along."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to do, man? Why, make our hay while the sun shines. He's safe for a week, at all events; and as he has not seen us, let's get away and come down again."

"Why not write and let Jack take the house? It would save the fares."

"My parsimonious old prophet, do leave off being so penny wise and pound foolish. What is more, do learn to have a little more confidence in my judgment. Come along."

"Going?—so soon, gentlemen?" said the landlord, who, as fortune had it, handed them a telegram when they reached the inn.

"Yes," said the clerical gentleman, after a glance at the telegram. "We were going to see why this telegram had not come. Now it has come it calls us back."

"I wish telegrams, as they calls 'em, had never been invented," said the landlord to himself, in a surly growl. "They're going, and my rooms 'll be empty again."

Abel Pollock—by accident, of course—took a seat outside under the fly-fishers' window, where his head dropped on his chest, and he went off fast asleep, breathing heavily, while a rapid conversation went on inside between the two gentlemen.

They spoke in low, eager voices, and it must have been a peculiar tone, for most of the words penetrated through the muslin blind and made their way into the sleeper's brain.

The first words were relating to payments of bills and expenses running up, and the words were querulous.

Then they were of a more interesting nature, for one said—

"The fruit's ripe, and we can nab him now. I tell you, nothing could have happened better. I tell you, Nathan, if I'd picked my place I could not have chosen one more suitable."

"You still mean to go on with it?"

"Go on with it!"

There was a pause here, and the sleeper felt uncommonly warm, then chilly and damp.

"What can it be for?" he thought. "It's a puzzler. They're detectives, safe, and they've followed me down here."

"Well," continued one of the voices, "I suppose you are right. But wouldn't the rail be better?"

"Rail? No. A trap, my boy. There, there, Nathan, you leave it all to me, and go on paying. You shall have such a percentage for it all, my lad, as shall make your eyes twinkle. Now then, hey for town, and then——"

"Yes, then?"

"It's all right, my boy: and if things don't turn out perfect, you tell me. Now, then, let's be off."

The dog-cart came round just then, and, as if troubled by the sunshine, Abel Pollock woke up and chose a fresh place, which he retained till the two strangers had mounted into the cart and were being driven over the hills to the nearest station.

As soon as they were out of sight, Abel Pollock began to think—hard.

"I've drunk," he muttered, "till my head's grown thick as thick, but I'm beginning to see it all. They're not after me, and they're not detectives. It's sway; that's what it is. They're Londoners, and they mean business. What did that chap say—a trap? And the other said the rail. What does it mean—the plate?

"No," he said, after a pause; "it's the jewels—Ladyship's diamonds. Now, then, Abel Pollock, my lad, you're no coward. What's your game—split or stand in?"

There was a good half hour's thought here.

"If I split, the police 'll get all the credit for taking 'em, and I shall get a fi'-pun note for my pains. Abel Pollock, my lad, things are beginning to shine for you. You've got to stay down here, and stand in for a third share."

Then after another pause—

"I wonder when they'll come! Well, I'll watch!"

CHAPTER XII.

RANGE WON'T FIGHT.

"I WONDER what Uncle Wash. would say to me?" said Range to himself, as he stood in the path close to the drawing-room window, listening to a brilliantly played piano, the sparkling tones of which came through the open casement.

The place was bathed in sunlight, which seemed to silver many of the trees, notably a great drooping ash, beneath which the two old generals were seated at a table, Sir Robert with his hubble-bubble, and Sir Harry listening to his brother and putting in a word now and then.

"Old boys are fighting their battles o'er again. Miss Nesbitt—Miss Judith—Judith—Judy is practicing, and I've no excuse for going in."

He ran through this list of appellatives slowly, dwelling more and more upon each till the last, and then he said again—

"Wonder what Uncle Wash. would say to me if he saw how I'm going on?

"Let's see: now ten-thirty. Croquet at eleven-thirty. I'll go and read Tennyson out in the wood. Few words of Tennyson sound better in a drawing-room than a description of a gulch."

"Stop a moment though," he said, hesitating; "I have just an hour, and it will take twenty minutes to get to my old place in the wood, twenty minutes to get back; that only leaves twenty minutes for Tennyson. I'll go down to the Wilderness, sit on a stump, and read and listen to the falling water."

"Hallo, student!" cried Sir Robert, merrily waving the great mouth-piece of his hookah. "Want a cigar?"

"No, sir, not this morning," replied Range; and he strolled slowly on till he reached the soft velvet path, and then, finding his place, he began to read deliberately—committing choice passages to memory.

He walked very slowly, sometimes stopping for a minute or two, and seeming to be guided by some other sense than vision as he followed the zig-zags and curves of the half-wild place.

He had been reading thus for some ten minutes, when, raising his eyes, as he turned a corner where an old stump had been converted into a rustic flower vase, he stopped short, astounded at seeing Carleigh holding one of Lady Fanshaw's hands, and speaking passionately in a low whisper.

It was all momentary—Range's stop, Lady Fanshaw's hasty withdrawing of her hand, and the involuntary stamp given by Carleigh.

Had Arthur Range been a man accustomed to good society, he would not have stopped, but would have slowly gone on reading, after just raising his hat; but being a natural man, unversed in etiquette, he stopped awkwardly.

Lady Fanshaw could not conceal the color, half shame, half anger; but she recovered herself directly, and smiled at Range as she passed him.

"Don't go away too far, Mr. Range," she said; "and don't get so deep in your book that you forget our little match."

She went on, leaving Carleigh and Range face to face.

"Well?" said the former, after an awkward pause.

"Well?" replied Range.

There was another awkward pause, and then Carleigh gave proof that, however dashing a soldier he might be, he was no diplomat. His course was certainly to ignore the scene which the other had witnessed; but, instead of doing this, he allowed the resentment that had been growing in his heart ever since the visitor's arrival to bubble over.

He had neglected Judith, and Range had been attentive. High treason this against himself. For how dared this low-born Yankee fix himself there, and devote himself to a lady to whom it was probable that he would be married?

It was monstrous, and his impertinence in staying a moment longer with Lady Fanshaw was worse.

"What did Sir Harry bring him here for? Was it as a kind of Yankee watch-dog?" he muttered. Then, unable to contain himself, he said in a cool, cutting manner—

"Are you going to stay here long, Mr. Range?"

Range looked hard at him for a moment, and then said to himself—"He wants to quarrel with me; he's so coldly polite. Well, I can't fight him that way. I must do it my own," so he answered, shortly—

"Don't know. Are you?"

"Don't know! Yes. This is my home, sir. I thought perhaps your mines and factories might be needing your attention."

"No! they're all right," said Range. "I thought perhaps you'd have to join your regiment."

"Oh!" said Carleigh, and the two young men walked slowly on together.

"I should like to horsewhip the boor," Carleigh said to himself, with the anger and jealousy that were mingled in his breast over-powering him; while, on his side, Range was growing more calculating and cool.

"Be bad form to quarrel with him in Sir Harry's place; but I shouldn't dislike it," and he thought of Judith, and the possibility of her becoming this man's wife.

If he had not felt himself the young girl's slave before, this feeling that she would belong to Carleigh, whom he believed unworthy of her, was quite sufficient to stir his heart.

So the pair walked on together, down towards the rustic bridge, as a couple of strange dogs will sometimes go down a road growling occasionally, and beating themselves for the sudden outburst that ends in yells and rending with teeth.

Carleigh was smiling and lighting a cigar, offering his case at the same time to Range.

"Thankye, yes. I'll have one," said the latter; and he followed Carleigh's example.

"You're making a lengthy stay," said the latter, at last.

"Yes," said Range, "I am. Sir Harry's very hospitable."

"Very," said Carleigh, who, in this game of chess in which he felt that he held a very bad position, kept making false moves.

"You see, it's an advantage to me," said Range, "to be in the society of gentlemen. I want polish, and I pick it up from rubbing shoulders with such men as you."

Carleigh felt the sting, and his eyes contracted a little, and his teeth closed firmly, as he said, sharply, making his worst move just as Burton crossed the bridge and touched his hat—

"By the way, Mr. Range, you'll excuse me?"

"Oh, certainly! Go on! What is it?"

"I shouldn't mention it, but you said to me the other day how deficient you felt yourself to be in etiquette."

"Oh, yes! that's right. Go on!"

"I was only going to observe that it would be rather a mistaken proceeding for you to mention to Sir Harry that I was begging Lady Fanshaw to plead my cause a little more strongly with Sir Harry respecting Miss Nesbitt."

Carleigh felt the next moment as if he would have liked to bite out his tongue for making such a slip.

"Oh, no! I know better than that," said Range, quietly: "but, by the way, I'm not a deeply read man; I only run through some of your English literature when I get a chance. Aren't you quoting from Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, you know, where Joseph says something like that to Lady Teazle about Maria?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, don't be offended," said Range, quietly. "I'm rather rough, you see. Perhaps I ought not to have said that."

Carleigh did not speak again for a few minutes, but kept on biting more from one end of his cigar than he smoked off the other.

"Look here, Mr. Range," he said, stopping short, "we may as well understand each other."

"Very good," said Range, coolly.

"I'm a soldier and a man of few words, accustomed to campaigning, and I never trifle with anyone."

"Same here, Captain. I've had some rough life too—campaigning, if you like to call it so."

"Let us understand one another, then, at once."

"Good. Go on!"

"You know, I suppose, that I am engaged to Miss Nesbitt?"

"No," said Range, quickly; "I didn't quite know it."

"Then you know it now, sir. I am."

"I shouldn't have thought it."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say—I shouldn't have thought it."

Carleigh bit his lip.

"I think it is as well to tell you this, because I have observed a tendency on your part to——"

"I say, hold hard a minute," said Range; "is it the proper thing to do—to discuss a question like this about a lady—out here in the open?"

"In a case like this, sir, it is," said Carleigh, furiously; "and once for all——"

"Hold hard there again: I mean stop, Captain Carleigh," said Range, speaking now with dignity. "Of course, I understand what you mean; but look here. Your are a guest here in this house, just the same as I am, and if my behavior is incorrect, it is our host who will have to call me to order."

"As I stand, sir—as that lady's future husband——"

"I'm not talking to you as that lady's future husband. I'm not going to discuss their ladyship's position at all. I do know that it would be out of place. Sir Harry invited me here as a friend, and as the friend of his brother; and I shall try, Captain Carleigh, to respond to his kindness by behaving towards every one here as much like a gentleman as I can. Now, then, I think you and I had better part. You don't like me."

Carleigh gave vent to an angry ejaculation.

"I can't help that. You want to get rid of me. Well, perhaps it would be pleasanter for both parties if you were in Asia and I in America. But we're together, and we must make the best of it; for I'm not going away till what I consider is the proper time."

Carleigh took a step towards him with his fist clenched; but Range did not shrink—he only smiled.

"Don't do that," he said, quietly. "This is the old country where officers and gentlemen have given up all that sort of thing. It belongs to the past here. We do it in America, I'm sorry to say, and the fellows flash out their revolvers on the slightest provocation."

"Men have lost their lives though, here in England, for slighter provocation than you have given me."

"Yes," said Range, quietly, and with a hard, grey look coming into his face; "and men have been called out and shot, Captain Carleigh, for smaller acts than some of yours."

"What do you mean, scoundrel?"

"Don't call names, young man, said Range, coldly. "That's bad form. You know what I mean. I didn't intend to say it, but you've been stirring me up till you roused me. Now, you've been speaking plainly, I'm going to speak plainly too. You want me to go. I'm not going. You want to know whether I'm going to mention to Sir Harry that I saw you begging a lady to intercede for you. It isn't likely. I want to act as a gentleman should while I'm here. I can't buy birth, and if I could I wouldn't. I think I know how man should behave to man, and if your college education and code of etiquette don't teach it to you any better than you seem to have learned it, I'm very glad I never had your advantages."

"Will you fight?" said Carleigh, in a low voice.

"No!"

"Then I'll strike you, and call you the coward you are."

"Don't do that," said Range, quietly; "for if you do, I'll half kill you. There, stop this. You and I are forgetting ourselves, Captain. Your cigar's out. Let me give you one of mine."

He offered his case, and Carleigh stood glaring at him.

"Take one, Captain, and smoke it. This is the nineteenth century, and this is Old England, where people are free. You and I clash one with the other, but there's no help for it. You must put up with me while I'm here; I've got to put up with you. Light? That's right. Now, suppose we smoke our cigars as if nothing had occurred, and then go and play our game of croquet with the ladies. It's a pity this has happened, but it did not begin with me."

Carleigh took the cigar and the light, mechanically following Range's example, and beginning to smoke. While he took the easy chair, Range seated himself on the low rail of the rustic bridge, with the deep pool of clear water beneath, into which the streamlet rushed gurgling, bringing food to the trout below upon the watch; and as the two men sat and smoked, Range thought deeply of his position, and with his thoughts there was mingled pity, grief, and vexation that he had seen so much.

He asked himself what he ought to do, and then concluded that he could do nothing—though hoping that the morning's incident would perhaps have a good effect.

Carleigh was thinking of his own position, and the ugly creases came into his forehead as he thought how easily a man might fall backwards over the rail of a bridge like that and be drowned.

Neither spoke, and they were in the same position when there was a rustle of dresses, and Lady Fanshaw and Judith came down the green path.

"Ah, there you are!" cried Judith; "come, George, let's have our match. We are to be partners."

Carleigh was a weak man, and he could not help darting a look of triumph at Range, who took it unmoved, and then turned to Lady Fanshaw.

"We must beat them," he said, smiling in his quiet, grave way.

Lady Fanshaw's face was slightly flushed as she met his eyes fixed upon her in this frank, honest way, and as he seemed to read on, he said to himself—

"If I were one of the clever diplomatic people, I might tell her a fable as we played: something about thin ice, or playing with poisonous snakes; but I'm not clever. I wish I were, for the little woman's good, and only weak. I'll give her a hint while we're at play."

The game went on for some time, before Arthur Range had his opportunity, and then, as they were standing together, while Carleigh was helping Judith through several hoops, he looked at Lady Fanshaw, and their eyes met.

"I can read what you are saying to me," he said to himself. "You're asking me as a gentleman to forget all I saw this morning. Now try if you can read this."

He looked at her fixedly, and his eyes were grave and earnest, and his glance firm and kindly withal.

Then there was a click of the balls, and Judith called to Range to take his turn.

Lady Fanshaw had read his glance correctly, and for the rest of that day she was cold and grave.

That night she was upon her knees for a long time, and the prayer that rose from her heart was for strength.

CHAPTER XIII.

RANGE IS SNUBBED.

"GOING, Mr. Range?" said Judith, starting and coloring slightly, but only to resume her composed manner; "so soon?"

"Soon!" he cried, with a laugh. "Do you know I've been here five weeks?"

"No: I did not pay any heed to the time, and I'm sure Uncle Harry did not."

"Well, it's very kind of him; but I must be getting on."

He thrust a book into his pocket, one that he had been reading aloud in the woods, from which he was returning when he had met Judith busy with basket and scissors in the flower garden, cutting a great heap of bright blossoms for indoor decoration.

Judith looked at him rather wistfully, in a curious, half-puzzled way, and found that he was following her example.

"Where do you go next?" she asked, hastily.

"I don't know," he replied, rather sadly. "I have no particular aim. I must just tour around and see a little more English life. I like English life."

"I am very glad," said Judith. "It is a compliment from a foreigner."

"Oh, don't call me a foreigner," he cried, hastily. "I'm of English descent, and I speak English—with an accent," he added, laughingly.

"Well, I suppose I ought not to call you foreign," said Judith, composedly.

"No; only an ignorant branch of the English nation, eh?"

"Ignorant! No, I don't think you ignorant. There are many points in our manners that you miss."

"And in grammar," he said, with bitterness.

"You might speak more grammatically correct, but your conversation is on a level with that of most people I know. You forget, Mr. Range, that you know thousands of things we do not, even if you are not a society man."

"Ah, well!" he said, "that I shall never be. I had better go back to my savage home," he continued with a laugh.

"I am sorry when you talk of going."

"Say that again," cried Range eagerly.

"That I am sorry you are going?" said Judith calmly. "Well, yes; I am sorry. It is not pleasant to part from the friends one has made, either out in the East or here at home."

"And—and," he said, quickly, "am I to consider that you look upon me as a friend?"

"Why of course," said Judith, smiling, and looking naively in his face; we have known you so long."

"You make me very happy by saying that," he cried, eagerly—"more happy than I dare tell you."

"Happy? Why?"

"Because I feel such a common sort of a man beside you, and so——"

"Ready to disparage yourself," said Judith; "you should not do that. But, there, I must go; I'm busy."

"No; don't go yet," he exclaimed, quickly. "I want to talk to you. I've a great deal to say."

"Well, go on," she said composedly, "and I'll cut flowers."

Judith's words were composed, but her cheeks looked of a deeper tint than usual, though perhaps that was from the color reflected from the flowers—scarlet geraniums are rather red!

Range remained silent, and his brow wrinkled.

"Well," said Judith, looking up in a half-amused fashion, "I thought you wanted to say a great deal to me?"

He looked at her in a pained way, and shook his head.

"No," he said, sadly. "It was all a dream."

"A dream?"

"Yes; I wanted to tell you that I have been dreaming."

"Ah!" said Judith in a disappointed tone, "I am not good at dreams."

Just then, as they raised their eyes, they became conscious of two groups in different parts of the extensive grounds, visible to them, but widely divided, and both unconscious of the other's presence.

On their right were the two elderly brothers, seated beneath one of the spreading trees in quiet converse, fighting their battles over again, maybe, in the calm retirement of the beautiful old home. Their swords were rusting in their sheaths, their work was done, and a pleasant air of content irradiated their handsome, elderly features.

On the other hand, far down among the bosky evergreens, Arthur Range and Judith could see Lady Fanshaw and Carleigh. She was in a light morning costume, carrying a white parasol, with which she seemed to be touching some flower from time to time, while Carleigh was talking to her earnestly, with a book in his hand, to which, however, he never referred.

"Well," said Judith, hastily, "about your dream, Mr. Range?"

"My dream!" he exclaimed, as if brought back from thinking else. "No: why should I tell you? It was only a dream. I am little better than a savage from the Far West, and——"

"Mr. Range!"

"There, I don't understand the ways of English ladies."

As he spoke Judith saw that he was looking hard at her cousin, and the color mounted now painfully to her cheeks and temples as she gazed indignantly in his eyes, reading his inmost thoughts the more easily that they were hers.

But there was a sting in his words that she could not forgive. He had been looking hard at Lady Fanshaw after a glance at her calm, elderly husband, and evidently he had said to himself, "Ought a married lady, situated as she is, to be openly countenancing the attentions of Captain Carleigh?"

Then his words—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOOKS AND EYES.—For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded them. But there are indications that hooks and eyes are again to come into use, at least to a considerable extent. If this should prove to be the case, it will gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap heap. Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufactories within her territory that produced these little articles to the value of $112,000 annually at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabouts, hooks and eyes were made by hand and sold at $1.50 per gross.

The machines for making hooks and eyes are quite ingenious, those for the hooks being capable of making ninety per minute, and those for the eyes one hundred and twenty per minute. That for making the hooks takes the wire from a reel through a straightener, cuts off the wire to the exact length, when a blade strikes the piece in the middle of its length, and two side blades moving simultaneously, bend the wire double, laying the two halves of its length together and parallel. Then two pins rise, one on each side of the ends of the wire, to form the eyes of the hook, and two semi-rotating pushers bend the ends round the pins, making the eyelets for sewing the hook on to the fabric. The unfinished hook is still perfectly flat, when a horizontal pin and a vertical bender working upward curve the double end of the hook, and a presser flattens the end to a "swan bill."

The eye is formed in another machine, but by means of similar appliances. Brass wire is used for silvered hooks and eyes, an iron wire for the black or japanned goods. The silver coating is made by mixing an acid precipitate of silver with common salt and the cream of tartar of commerce to produce a paste. Certain proportions of this paste and of the brass hooks and eyes are placed in a tumbling barrel, and by attrition and affinity the brass and silver unite. The articles, as they come from the tumbling barrels, are of a lustreless white, but are polished by being placed in cotton cloth bags with bar soap and rubbed with hot water under the vibrating arm of a washing machine.

SONNETS OF PRAISE.

THE VALES.

The nestling vales lie sheltered from rough winds,
As little babes in tender keeping grow,
Some narrow gorge each flowery limit binds;
Thus we from childish eyes hide elder woe.
The vales are thick with corn, with plenty shine;
Thus should the children smile in sunny glee,
For One hath blessed them with a love divine,
The patried pilgrims of life's stormy sea.
Though rough winds cannot enter gentle rain
Refreshes the green vale, till springs arise,
Their source the snow-clad hills; so age should gain,
By gentle teaching childhood's eager eyes.
Rain fills the pools, the thirsty vale is clest;
Thus should the children thrive, by love caressed.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The lofty mountains with their snowy crests,
God's ensigns, praise their Lord throughout the land;
Their heights, which few can reach, in human breasts
Inspiring awe, yet quake beneath His hand.
Oft 'twixt their summits and the lower earth,
The wreathing cloud-mists roll, alone they dwell
As sight-dimmed age. Our cries of pain or mirth
Molest them not; thus age with deadening spell
Benumbs our ears, yet near each lonely peak
Sing mountain birds, sunbeams each summit crown.
From highest heaven thus God's saints may seek
Refuge in thought divine, though long years drown
Earth's sounds; on mountain crest reposed the Ark.
Our home above shines clear, as earth grows dark.

M. P.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

VERY slowly and stealthily—almost as if she still imagined them to be in the room—she slid out of bed, struck a match and lit a taper; then she went and laid her ear to the door. No sound—a deathlike silence—apparently the whole house was wrapped in sleep. Next she stole into the dressing-room. Her diamonds were still there, lying as they had been taken out of their cases in one glittering, careless heap.

A red woolen comforter, very dirty and worn, lay on the ground. Only for that she might have fancied it was all a dream. She hurried to the door, and put the key in the outside of the lock turning it several times to see that it moved freely. And Rosamond, it was well you did, for that precaution subsequently saved your life.

Just at this moment her quick ear caught a faint sound below in the garden, and she blew out the light (it would never, never do for them to discover the dressing-room lit up), and, under shelter of the darkness, and becoming bolder every moment, she stole to the big bow-window at the end of the room, in which stood the dressing-table and mirror just inside the door.

She put her ear to the sash, and heard a ladder heavily lifted and dragged and laid against it outside; she heard muttered voices, and then silence. They had gone away, and they would be back in her room shortly. She had not a second to lose. Very gently she opened the window. Yes, the ladder was there.

"Now Heaven given me strength," she said, taking the top of it firmly in both her hands, and nerving herself for a great effort. She raised it up from the window-sill; poised it backwards as far as her arms could reach, and let it go. It fell with what seemed to her a hideous crash among some laurels, but in reality it was only a dull, muffled thud.

How her heart beat! How her ears were aching to catch distant sounds! It was some time before she could nerve herself to pull down the window once more—very, very gently—and then, her trap laid, she fled back to bed and buried her head in the clothes, and awaited the return of the robbers with their booty.

How long they seemed! months—not merely hours! It seemed years since she had gone to bed, and so the leaden-footed moments crawled by—moments spent very agreeably by the trio downstairs.

The household were heavy sleepers, the walls and the carpets thick, and "Leery Billy," as he was called, was a cracksman—the top of his profession.

He had 'ong been the desire and the despair of all the police in the neighborhod of his domicile, wherever it had happened to be. But he was far too clever and far too cunning, and boasted that he lived like a lord—never went in for a job unless it was made well worth his while, and always did it well.

As to catching him and putting him up in the stone jug, they might as well try to catch the moon he frequently declared with derisive complacency.

He and his two pals had collected the silver and thrust it into three big, green baize bags. Very deftly, and very thoroughly, and very rapidly, they had made a clean sweep of salvers, candelabra, cups, bowls, and such small fry as forks and spoons, and were now enjoying what they considered a well-earned meal in the servants' hall.

They were supping on some very succulent relics of the late most excellent dinner, eating it in their fingers, and quaffing (according to taste) champagne, Madeira, or brandy.

"Come now," exclaimed Leery Billy, "we must not take more than will see us safely off the premises. We'll have a tickliss business getting down that ladder with all the swag. Curse these small windows and bolts down below! A man can't get his body through them," as if he considered it a personal insult that the premises had not been made with facilities for housebreaking. "Now I suppose you're all done? I'd like to leave a message for the cook—she's a tip-topper! But," with a hideous grin, "that will do, maybe, next time we call."

And thus the three gaolbirds, without wiping their greasy fingers, drained off their last glasses; and taking up each a heavy bag, set off once more for the chamber of the terrified and palpitating Rosamond.

This time a more cursory glance was cast on her as they walked through. The good supper and liquor had made them not merely bold, but downright rash.

"The beauty is asleep," remarked Leery Bill, "and I've a mind to go and kiss her!" with a semi-drunken chuckle.

But he was promptly deterred from this performance by a more prudent pal, and they passed into the dressing-room without his carrying out his odious intention.

They were now very busy pulling out drawers and helping themselves liberally to whatever they fancied; and Rosamond, her heart hardened for this supreme effort, stole once more out of bed and crept on tiptoe to the door, which was about quarter open. Two men were bending over the dressing-case, which was on the floor, with their backs to her, and Leery Billy was humorously holding her diamond collar round his own ugly throat and grinning at himself in the big mirror.

She stood for a moment rooted to the spot, fascinated like a thing turned to immobility under some basilisk gaze. If her nerve failed her now she was lost!

She knew it, and made an effort, and one small hand crept to the door and drew it gently—oh! so gently—to her. But her action had been seen.

What was that Leery Bill beheld in the glass as well as his ugly mug? The distant reflection of a girl in her nightgown about to shut the door!

With a savage snarl and a couple of blood-curdling oaths he snatched up the long knife and bounded down the room.

Now, Rosamond, for your life!

His hand was on the door, but she had shut it, and with the very last effort of frenzy and desperation had, with one instantaneous jerk, turned the key!

She was safe. No; the power of the men, storm and curse they never so loudly, all impotent against that old oak door and strong massive lock. They might push and shake and stamp, it did not matter. And now to rouse the house.

Trembling all over, and scarcely able to stand, she seized her dressing-gown and made her way to the door and down the corridor, and knocked at the first door and flung it open into darkness.

"Who's there?" said a sleepy man's voice.

"I—Rosamond Dane! Quick! get up! There are some burglars in my room!"

"The deuce there are!" was the prompt reply, and somebody evidently was effectually roused.

To the next room she gave the same message. The servants were roused, the whole house was afoot; lights were to be seen in all directions, and herds of people in very scanty attire asking excited questions.

Rosamond, as white as her dressing-gown, was surrounded. She led the way back to her room. There were two gentlemen, Lord Kingsford, a butler, footmen, now in her train. When they got to the apartment she pointed to the dressing-room door and said—

"They are in there; I've locked them in, and have thrown the ladder back into the garden. But they are armed."

"You locked them in!" exclaimed Lord Kingsford in amazement, looking at his revolver, as he placed his hand upon the key. "Keep back, Rosamond; this is not fit for you. You have done more than your share as it is."

Then leading her into the corridor the door was opened, and revealed the infuriated caged burglars, none so furious as Leery Billy, who foamed and bit, and was like a wild beast driven to bay.

He and his confederates were armed too, but their shots were wild. One was lodged in the ceiling, another in a wardrobe, a third missed fire altogether; and after some violent struggling and knocking about of furniture, and a great deal of cursing and swearing, the three were secured, their hands tied behind their backs, and marched off downstairs and securely shut up in the justice room till the police could remove them that morning.

It was a long time before the house subsided once more; and, indeed, there was very little repose for anyone after such exciting scenes, least of all for the heroine of the adventure.

She, of course, found a haven in another room, but her brain seemed as if it was beating through her head; her eyeballs felt on fire. She could not sleep, she could not even rest. She tumbled and tossed about till broad day-light streamed into the room, and then her maid came to the bedside with her customary cup of tea and slice of toast.

She found her in a raging fever and quite delirious; the strain upon her mind, the terrible two hours tension had been too much. She showed every symptom of being in for a severe attack of brain fever.

There certainly would be no meeting with Allan in the garden. His disclosures must be postponed for a long time—perhaps now for always—for the fever ran through her veins like a flame, and in a day or two it began to be whispered that "Miss Dane was very, very ill—dangerously ill."

The fashionable guests departed one and all, leaving her alone with Lady Germaine and her mother, who had come posting over in a great state of mind.

But Rosamond would not endure her in the room. She did not know her; she merely called her "the woman in black," and begged and implored her to go away.

And so she did after a little time, leaving her daughter to the careful nurse-tending of Lady Germaine.

There was one guest who took his departure with the deepest reluctance, and you can guess who that guest was. He, however, went no further than half a mile from the lodge-gates, taking up his abode at a little country inn, which had been a great place in the good old coaching days, and awaited bulletins with the very deepest anxiety.

At last he resolved to take Lady Germaine into his confidence and tell her all, and of the spite fate seemed to have against him in keeping him and his wife apart—first by shipwreck, then by a misunderstanding, and, finally, by this dreadful illness.

Who shall paint Lady Germaine's face when she heard his tale? Who describe her ejaculations and her gestures? Someone with a more vivid pen than this!

She declared that all would yet go well—that her patient had a good constitution, and would pull through—that he must come at once and take up his abode under the same roof, and that he should see Rosamond on the earliest opportunity.

"It's not so much her body as her mind we are afraid of," said Sir Everard to his guest, confidentially, in the privacy of his own sanctum. "My wife does not know it, nor realize it; but her brain received an awful shock that night she caught the burglars and saved our family plate."

"Her mind? If Rosamond's mind had given way, what did aught else avail him? What was youth and money and health itself but dust and ashes!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT was quite true that it was Rosamond's mind that was more affected than her body.

She grew strong in health, she was able to sit up, to get up, to walk about her room; but her memory of the past six or seven years was generally a blank.

Lady Germaine was her grandmother: her maid was Maggs. She looked out from the windows on Drydd Marshes, and wondered why Mr. Cameron had not been to see her.

No mention was made of her mother, of Colonel Brand, of Amy Glen, or Lord Kingsford.

After a time he was admitted to see the patient with a caution. He bargained to see her alone; and certainly her appearance gave him a shock.

Her hair, once so luxuriant, had been cruelly but, all the same, wisely snipped off. What remained was short and curly, and those short curls all over her head changed her appearance a good deal.

Her face was white, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes sunken.

Her reception of him was another shock. The instant she saw him enter the room she jumped up from her seat, and rushed to him with an exclamation of welcome.

"Oh, Allan! what ages you've been getting those tickets for the theatre! I do so hate sitting here by myself. You have been away hours."

What was he to say, knowing he had been away for years?

"I am very sorry, Rosie."

"Yes," with a pout; "I should hope so. You forget what a few days we have to be together. The carriage is waiting to take us to the Bois; and I'm ready, as you see. Shall we start?"

"No, I think not this morning, Rosamond. It's very cold. But is there anything else to do—anything you would like?" looking round Lady Germaine's sitting-room as he spoke, helplessly.

"I'd much rather go out!" pettishly. "I don't think it's a bit too cold. However, if I am to stay at home, I suppose we may as well play bezique. Where are the cards?"

And as he rose to look for them, she said,—

"Oh, what an exquisite lovely fan that was that came from the Rue de la Paix this morning, you extravagant Allan! You must not buy me any more lovely presents or you won't have any money left to take you out to Australia, though I shall be very glad if you haven't. Oh, you've got the cards and the markers, I see. Let me deal."

Rosamond was imagining a day in Paris six years previously, and was soon entirely absorbed in a sequence, or a chance of double bezique, and scoring marriages with delightful eagerness.

Her partner played mechanically and badly. This raking up of old times, this *tete-a-tete* with Rosamond was trying past description. She was actually the old girlish Rosamond, and displayed her innocence and unconventionality and ignorance of the world in every speech. How different to the reality—the cool, collected, well-trained Miss Dane!

It happened thus every afternoon. He came regularly, and sat with Rosamond. There was no sign of amendment in her mind, but the color had returned to her cheeks, the light to her eyes.

She went out driving and walking, and was completely restored to her bodily health; and yet every day Allan left her with a sorer, heavier headache. She was dead to the present and to him.

She was always either in Paris or running about Drydd Marshes, or at school.

One day she had a sudden gleam of something else. She was sitting beside Lady Germaine, looking over a large book of prints, and she came to a picture of an infant in its mother's arms.

She gazed at it for a long time with a curious, strained expression of dawning conviction and wide-opened, staring eyes.

Then she abruptly flung the book down, and, turning to Lady Germaine, buried her face in her lap, and burst into a storm of tears. She wept so violently and so unrestrainedly her companions were seriously alarmed. At last she sighed out, amid broken sobs,—

"Oh, that is a picture of my boy—my baby! I never saw it. They took it away and buried it close to the church. Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! I shall go mad!" wringing her hands in a kind of frenzy. "I saw its grave—so small, so small! A little green mound. I have all its pretty frocks. She, she said I ought to be ashamed to make them, but I wasn't. Only they were never worn. They are locked away in a drawer in grandmamma's room."

And here her grief again became quite uncontrollable.

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Doctors were consulted, and several learned men came and laid their heads together, and took counsel.

It was a strange case, but all it wanted was time and complete repose.

There was no insanity in the Dane family (eccentricity was not madness), and it would pass away, and the young lady's mind spring back, as it were, to its former condition, and sooner or later quite recover its balance.

The fright and shock she had received was quite enough, in their opinion, to unhinge the mind of any woman.

She had better go back to Drydd, her birth-place, and live a quiet but free life alone there with an attendant. Gradually but surely she would become quite well, but she must be left alone to nature, and she was.

She and Maggs and her maid were once more domesticated in the old manor house as the spring was waning, and the doctor's prognostication was amply verified.

As she felt the sod of her familiar friends, the Marshes, under her feet, the salt sea wind blowing on her cheeks, and saw Laddie bounding beside her, the past, like a landscape from which grey mists and fogs are slowly lifting, came back to her as vividly as ever.

That dreadful night at Ravensles! The remembrance made her shudder. Between that and Lydd was a gap.

She had been ill—very ill—with brain fever, Maggs had told her, and quite off her head, thus accounting for all.

She well remembered the projected meeting with Lord Kingsford, which had never come off, and never would now. What he had to tell of course she would never know now.

The Brands were abroad; Amy Glen was engaged to be married; Violet Hill was shut up, and so was Averil Court.

For her own part she was satisfied to stay in retirement, to have a kind of rest after her strange, eventful life. How many curious things had happed to her within a few years! Enough events to stock the lives of half-a-dozen people.

Yes, there was a repose, a rest in that long summer spent alone at Drydd. She enjoyed it. She had her horse sent for, and rode miles and miles over the solitary waste. She had an ample supply of books and magazines and papers daily and weekly despatched from town. She got a new grand piano per rail (they had been made.) She superintended the re-arrangements of the garden, and she felt quite contented and happy.

She was visited by Mrs. Brand—a flying visit—who found that Rosamond was herself again, and who secretly quailed when she thought of the secret she had to divulge to her, sooner or later.

Rosamond refused to leave and go abroad. She was very fond of Drydd, she declared, and would not be at all surprised if she stayed there altogether.

Mrs. Brand smiled to herself a significant smile. She knew better. She knew that before long Drydd would be abandoned for a much grander mansion in a less out-of-the-way part of the world.

* * * * *

And Rosamond at length had another visitor—Allan. Emboldened by Lady Germaine's account of her complete recovery, of her long rides and walks, and her renewed interest in everything that was going on, including an inquiry into his whereabouts, he ventured to come to Drydd.

At first he did not come to the house, nor accost her. He saw her riding down lanes or on the marshes, afar off.

He must be very careful how he told her. Her brain must not receive another startling shock. How was he to set about telling her? A dozen times a day he rehearsed the scene to himself, but never to his complete satisfaction.

One evening he was leaning his elbows on the old foot-bridge, staring into the water beneath him, and making up his mind that he would write to her, and humbly ask for an interview, and then trust to chance and opportunity for broaching the subject.

He was getting sick of his long drawn suspense—of this waiting, waiting, waiting. Fate seemed to take pleasure in throwing obstacle after obstacle in his pathway.

What had he done that she should pursue him for the last six years with this kind of relentless malice? Was it, he asked himself, with a grim, sarcastic smile, because he was so ill-advised as to marry on a Friday?

It was on this very footbridge, more than six years ago, he had asked Rosamond to be his wife. The bridge was the same; the stream danced, and bawled, and bubbled

over the stones as it had done then, as if not an hour had elapsed. But they were not the same; they were vastly altered.

He knew that he was harder, more imperious than formerly, less ready to take things as they came, and far less satisfied with life. He was moody, cynical, discontented, he said to himself, frankly, as he leant his elbows on the hand-rail, and gazed abstractedly into the water. And Rosamond, what was she—she was still more changed!

A sudden instinct made him raise his head, and there she was herself—clad in white, with a white parasol over her head, and Laddie by her side—just at the other end of the foot-bridge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ROSAMOND started, and uttered a slow exclamation of astonishment as she recognized who it was that had been looking into the water. But for once she did not turn and flee. On the contrary, she advanced to meet him, with outstretched hand, and a smile. Yes, could his eyes believe it, a smile, and she was perfectly right in her head now.

"Who would have expected to find you down in this part of the world, Lord Kingsford?" she exclaimed. "How on earth did you discover Dydd Marshes?"

"Without any unreasonable difficulty," taking off his hat as he advanced and took her hand.

"Do you know that I've been thinking of you?" she continued, looking at him gravely; "and wondering where you were, and if you were ever going to tell me, what—what you spoke of at Ravensloe—you remember?"

"Yes, there seemed a fate against it, did there not? You were too ill the next morning, and for a long time afterwards, to be told anything."

"Yes, I believe I was ill," dreamily. "My head was queer, was it not? I remember nothing. Lady Germaine, how good she was to me! I can remember that, at any rate, and never will forget it; nor those awful robbers," shuddering. "That man holding the lamp over my eyes—the man with the knife in his hand. I seem to feel him there sometimes at night still, and I often dream of him," shutting her eyes as she spoke.

"He has got seven years' imprisonment, so I don't fancy you will see him again for sometime. You should not let your mind dwell on these horrors, you know."

"It's all very easy to say that," shifting her parasol to her other shoulder; "but you are a man, and don't understand what nerves we have. And now, Lord Kingsford tell me, to change the subject, what brings you down here?"

At this sudden question Allan was rather taken aback: then, after a moment's silence he boldly said—

"To see you."

"Why?" was her laconic question.

"To tell you three things, if I may?"

"One is about him, I know," she said in a low voice.

"It is. Can you bear to hear some great good news?"

"Bear to hear good news?" ironically. "I am such a stranger to anything of that description that I really cannot answer for myself"—with a laugh, "but you may try me."

"Suppose you come over and sit on that big log under that evergreen oak!" glancing to a seat not far off.

"Supposing I prefer to stand here!" now leaning her elbow on the rail beside him, and looking gravely into his face with beautiful serious eyes. "I shall never sit there again," emphatically.

"It has some reminiscence, then?"

"It has; but never mind that. Go on with your good news," imperiously, "and be quick."

"Allan Gordon is alive," he said, with an effort.

"I know that. You said that before," drily.

"He loves you as much, nay better, than ever."

"I don't believe it," composedly.

"He has never lost sight of your image in his mind, and has been ever faithful to you in word and thought and deed."

"All those six years!" derisively, "but never sought me. Go on. It is like a tale of the Arabian Nights. Where is he now?"

"You shall know all in good time. In the first place, he is your husband. Dismiss your mind once of all doubt upon that matter. He has your marriage certificate quite safe. You were as legally married as the Queen. He went out to Melbourne. He took ship for New Zealand."

"Yes—he did," she acquiesced, breathlessly, "and then——"

And then he was shipwrecked and cast away on an island for years; a miserable, barren island, bitterly cold, bleak, and exposed, destitute of anything but sea-birds' nests, and off the track of ships."

"Yes, and after that," excitedly, and coming nearer as she spoke.

"He was rescued. A changed, aged man, he came home and hurried to seek his wife. There was no such person—only Miss Dane still. Such a woman as Mrs. Gordon did not exist."

Rosamond turned and faced him, devouring his features with her eyes—her face as white as her gown.

"Rosamond," he said, in a low voice, "don't you know me?"

"You?" with a stifled shriek. "You are not Allan?" she exclaimed, with lips that quivered so much she could hardly articulate. "Oh, no!" throwing up her hands. "It's—it's impossible."

"Look at me well, and you will see that it's not impossible," he returned, firmly. "Imagine those years adding the lines to my life, the hardships and privations I endured. My cheeks are hollow; my skin sunburnt, my eyes more sunken, my hair touched with grey, and my beard shaved off, and you will soon bring your mind to see that it is not impossible."

"And you are Allan?" she faltered, holding onto the hand-rail of the bridge as she spoke.

"I am."

"And—oh! it is all so very strange. I can't believe it. I can't realize it," she said, with her eyes full of tears. "How often have I come to this bridge weeping and broken-hearted, and in vain; and after so many years—when I least expect you—when my heart is hardened against you—find you here. What can I say to you, Allan?"

"Say you are glad to see me, Rosamond," rather hurt by her coldness; "that will be enough."

"I am glad! I hope I am glad!" rather wildly; "but I haven't time to think of it, to—to believe it yet. I've been imagining such hard things of you, Allan, for so long. I cannot cast them all out of my mind in one second," and with a sudden start, "how do you come to call yourself Lord Kingsford?"

"My cousin Cecil died, and I came in for the title. He was quite a distant relation. No one ever believed that it would fall to a poor, hard-working fellow like Allan Gordon, but it did. And you are Lady Kingsford."

"Then, Allan, why—I don't understand it all—how it is that you have been at home for more than a year—have met me almost daily at times—have never owned me—never discovered yourself. What did it mean, and I saw the likeness. I was impelled to open my mind to you, and yet you never spoke."

"I have told you two things, Rosamond, that I am your husband, and that you are now Lady Kingsford. To explain the third will take some time. I must also explain my seemingly extraordinary conduct, but you will forgive it when you know more, Rosamond," looking at her reproachfully, "I wish—I know you can't help your heart—affection is spontaneous. I wish you were a little more glad to see me."

"It has been—been such a shock," she returned, taking off her hat as she spoke and laying it on the hand-rail, and passing her hand across her forehead. "I can't believe it yet. I can't think of you as the old Allan Gordon. I can't separate you from Lord Kingsford. How can I realize all at once that I am this strange man's wife? But Allan"—blushing—"you know that I never loved any one but you, and it will all come back."

"Come back," he echoed. "I don't believe in a love that is allowed to cool, to freeze, to die, ever coming to life again. Oh, Rosie, if you only knew the awful time, the long lenden years I spent on that island, how the thought of you alone just kept me alive, the frantic determination to live and see you once more! Only for that I'd have been like other poor fellows, who lost heart, worn out by hope deferred, by gnawing hunger, by black despair, that just laid themselves down and died. Sometimes I envied them as I looked on the long mounds—their graves—graves that got thicker as months rolled on; but then I turned my eyes away from death, and clung to life and to days of misery too terrible to paint in words, and fixed my eyes fiercely on the horizon, ever looking for the sail that was to come, Heaven-sent, and take me back to you—Rosamond."

"And all these bitter years you have believed that I had betrayed you. Rosamond, how could you! Deserted you into the bargain. I, who had only lived for the hope of seeing you again, found that my place knew me no more. You hated my memory, repudiated my name, and every feeling you once declared you had for me was long withered and dead. And people talk of woman's constancy," here his voice broke a little, and he turned away abruptly.

This appeal had touched the mute chord in Rosamond's bosom, mute for so long; and with an impulse that carried her out of herself she suddenly threw her arms round his neck and sobbed,—

"Allan—Allan! I know it is you now. Thank Heaven for giving you back to me."

For some time she wept so unrestrainingly that she could not speak, but she clung to him in a manner far more eloquent than mere words, and he was satisfied—more than satisfied; and many were the kisses he showered upon her face, her hair, her hands; and a youth wending his way home in the distance stood and gazed open-mouthed, and proceeding on his way told his family circle with deep delight that he had seen a young man on the foot-bridge, near Fox's Folly, a-kissing Miss Dane, and she a-hugging him too, which statement was not received as credible, for everyone knew that Miss Dane did not care for beaux, and there was no pleasing her; she was a very distant and "stand offish" young lady. It was somebody else for sure.

But Bob Druce still held valiantly to his own opinion. If it were not her it was as like as two peas—in a white dress—she wore white. What other young lady ever came that way, he would like to know, and, anyway, her dog was there. He saw him sitting on the foot-bridge as large as life.

This last argument was a clincher, and the benighted, incredulous audience began to prick up their ears and wonder, and remember vague half-forgotten old stories of how Miss Dane, when she was quite a young slip of a girl, used to meet a young gentleman on the Marshes years ago, and unbeknown to her grandmother or anyone. Yes, she had been seen. They now cast their minds back and recollected it well. There had been whispers—strange rumors—and maybe this was the man, come back after all.

There was a great deal of talk and of speculation round the Druce's supper-table that night, but none of their surmises came near the truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRONG MAN CURED.—It is said that an army surgeon once, during a campaign, was kept awake at night by the distressful coughing of the sentry outside his tent.

Unable at last to bear it any longer, the surgeon turned out and made the sentry understand that his coughing must somehow or other be stopped, and to effect this he would mix him a draught, which he must take at certain prescribed intervals.

The man was quite submissive, and the doctor turned into his tent and concocted the strongest, and therefore the nastiest, draught his chest would afford. He then came out somewhat appeased by his own artistic success, and ordered the sentry to swallow the mixture.

The man protesting vehemently, that he did not want it, at last tasted it, but refused it again, and was only finally induced to swallow it by means of the most fearful threats and aspersions on the character of his mother, his grandmother and his great-grandmother.

The surgeon returned to his damp floor, conscious of his having done a good act.

The result was evidently satisfactory—the sound of coughing ceased in the camp, and the surgeon went to sleep, thankful that he had been brought up in a country of scientific attainments and decided measures.

The next morning he was sent for by the general commanding, who said to him—

"How is this, sir? I hear serious complaints about you with regard to the sentries. One of them has reported that in the middle of the night you came out of your tent and abused him in the most awful manner; and another reports that you made him swallow a dreadful drink which he is sure must have been poison."

The guard had been relieved while the surgeon was compounding his mixture, and he had cured the wrong man.

THE FAVORITE COLOR.—Red seems to be the color around which the most extensive folk-lore has clustered—there being a regard for things red all the world over. It was once held sacred to Thor, the god of lightning, and Grimm suggests that the robin has probably been singled out for reverence from among birds on account of its colors.

In the same way the Highland women tie a piece of red worsted thread round their cows' tails previous to turning them out to grass for the first time in the spring. It secures their cattle, they say, like the red berries of the rowan, or mountain ash, from an evil eye and all kinds of witchcraft;

"Rowan ash, and red thread,
Keep the devils from their speed."

It is interesting, also, to trace the same superstition abroad, as in Esthonia, where mothers put some red thread in their babies' cradles as a preservative against danger. And in China, something red is tied round children's wrists as a safeguard against evil spirits. In the same country red holds a prominent place in marriage ceremonies.

Thus, red cloth is placed on the threshold of the bridegroom's house, over which the bride must pass; and at betrothals, there are provided, in addition to the betrothment cards, four large needles, and two red silk threads; two of the former, threaded with one of the threads, are stuck into each card.

The red thread is supposed to represent that with which the feet of all mortals are, in the spirit-world, tied to those who are fated to be husband and wife; in other words it represents unalterable fate. A similar thread is employed to tie together the cups out of which the bride and bridegroom drink.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.—In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, dedicated to the goddess of Love, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand, she tries to place it upon the head of one of her bridesmaids as they dance round her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined, this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridesmaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride. The bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our own country, that the bride in removing these must take special care that her bridesmaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortune will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects of marriage will be materially lessened.

VARNISH FOR IRON.—A varnish compound of 120 parts of mercury, 10 parts tin, 20 parts green vitriol, 120 parts water and 15 parts hydrochloric acid of 1.2 specific gravity, furnishes a good coating for iron exposed to the wet.

THE Harvard Divinity School has seven professors and eleven students.

Scientific and Useful.

SLATE ROOFS.—The practice is coming into use of laying slate roofs with a new kind of cement consisting of ground slate, slaked lime and linseed oil, which renders the roof less liable to crack or leak.

IN NATURAL COLOR.—A process has been invented by a professor at the States Industrial School at Vienna, which he calls orthochromatic photography, and which enables the photographer to reproduce colors in exactly the same tones as they appear to the eye.

CATFISH SKIN.—A St. Louis man has discovered that catfish skin makes elegant leather and proposes to get out a patent and make a fortune. He uses it for everything, for shoe-laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers. The leather is light gray in color, very soft and tough.

PIANO-FORTE CAR.—A piano-forte railway car is being built in Birmingham, England, for the London and Northwestern Railway, and an English paper explains that "appliances will be provided by which the sound of the car wheels will be deadened so as to preserve the harmony of music."

THE HORSE-BIT.—Australians have discarded the horse-bit and substituted for it a carrago, consisting of a steel band placed over the front bone of the horse's nose, to which appliance the reins are attached. It is claimed for this substitute for the bit that it gives complete control over the horse without inflicting the least discomfort or torture.

IN THE HOTEL LINE.—A hotel is to be built in Pittsburg seven stories high, with the kitchen on the top floor and an electric fire-escape in every room. The escape is operated from the office. By touching a button there the guests are simultaneously aroused, every window thrown open and a flexible ladder loosened and reached to the ground.

THE SUN.—In the focus of a burning glass the sun's rays will melt the most refractory substances. The heat of the sun, then, is most intense. If we were as near the sun as we are to the moon, the whole solid earth would melt away like wax. Were the sun surrounded by a coat of ice fifty miles thick, it would all be melted in one minute's time.

THE LOCOPHONE.—A locophone is being tested on the New York and New Haven road. It is an apparatus resembling the telephone, designed to place each engineer on the road while the trains are moving at the highest speed, in instantaneous speaking communication with the superintendent of train despatchers. All the engineers on the road receive the message at the same moment. The circuit is made over the rails.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—Before a man plants any fruit extensively he should ascertain how the varieties which he proposes to plant succeed in his neighborhood. If he cannot ascertain then plant moderately, so as to "feel his way." The variations on account of soil and climate are very great.

TURKEYS AND BUGS.—It may be valuable, says an exchange, to know that a flock of 300 turkeys kept a large vineyard clear of bugs and worms last season, while in neighboring vineyards not so treated the bugs and worms destroyed the crops. The turkeys became very fat and brought good prices at Thanksgiving.

ROUGH FOOD.—Beets, carrots or other roots may be reduced to a pulp in extreme cases for animals that cannot masticate and swallow rough food. Let the roots be boiled, worked through a colander, some wheat flour or oat meal added, with water enough to bring it to a proper consistency for the animal to drink. A little fresh grass may also be finely cut and mingled with the mass, or any other substance that may be suitable.

MICE GNAWING TREES.—A correspondent says he has found a sure remedy for field-mice in the orchard. This is common bitter aloes dissolved in boiling water, applied, when cold, with a paint-brush, from the surface as high as the snow is likely to be, shaking some from the brush on the surface-soil around the trees if there is any withered grass near the trees. It can be applied to an orchard of two hundred trees in a day.

GREEN FOOD.—Green food is fully as essential for poultry in winter as in summer. Their confinement to dry food during the continuance of cold weather goes far to account for the scarcity of eggs at this season of the year. Fresh winter eggs are always in demand and bring a good price in every market. Hens, like cows, should be producers as well as consumers. Farmers and fanciers, should have a supply of green food safely stored away for the winter use of poultry.

HEATING THE MILK.—Heating the milk slightly causes the cream to rise more rapidly at this season, and this will make the butter come more quickly and be of rather better quality. Much of the inferiority of winter butter is due to the fact that the cream rises slowly and a fungus forms on it before it is churned. Stirring the cream a little, at least once a day, is very important where only one cow is kept and the cream is a long time accumulating in quantity sufficient for churning. Unless this is done the butter will be apt to have a bitter taste.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 7, 1885.

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"THE MYSTERY OF GLENORRIS."

Mary Cecil Hay, the foremost authoress of England to-day, and who has not published anything for several years past, is again before the public, in what she considers the crowning work of her life. This new story, which we begin in the present issue of the POST, is entitled, "The Mystery of Glenorris." Entirely free from the least taint of sensationalism, it is yet so full of tragic and romantic incident that every additional chapter lends a fresh and increased charm to its perusal. We can commend it as something different from the majority of serials, but at the same time bound to highly please all tastes.

THE OTHER SIDE.

When eminent men die, we are accustomed to say that the world has lost something; that their country or party is poorer; that none are left to fill their place, and other such expressions.

But very seldom do we hear it said that the world gains when great men die; yet we have no hesitation in saying that the world often gains more by the death of leading men than it would do by their living indefinitely, or even much beyond "the allotted span."

Again, it is not our custom to look forward to the day of our own death as a gain either to ourselves or the world. We somehow think that no one could exactly fill our shoes or act the part we have done; but as a matter of fact, our shoes may be better filled, and our part better acted, by the generation which follows.

This fact ought to humble us somewhat; and perhaps we need humbling, for there is just the trace of a tendency among moderns to underrate the men who have immediately preceded them, or who may be going off the far end of the stage as we take our places at the near.

Noble lives have often been spent to little purpose so far as their contemporaries were concerned. The fact is, "No man is a hero to his valet," nor is any man "a prophet in his own country; and as "distance lends enchantment to the view," it is only when the world's best men have been hid from sight in the greedy grave, that their influence has been felt in all its power.

We are apt to hold even the oldest and best of our contemporaries in light esteem; but we reverence the ancients. Nay, many of earth's noblest sons have been bitterly blamed, and held up to scorn and derision in their lifetime; and not till death stepped in and took them away, did the world discover its mistake.

A poor shoemaker rises while others sleep, and searches among the wayside weeds of his native lanes, his only inspiration being his thirst for knowledge, and the joy of adding a few plants to the known flora of his native land.

His neighbors deride him, are doubtful of his sanity, and think his life a sad warning to the peasant lads around who may show signs of leaving the beaten path of the monotonous life their fathers trod.

Unmindful of scorn, in defiance of fate, he goes forward in the thorny path he has chosen for himself, gaining knowledge that is quite new, making discoveries that were reserved for such as he, and at last becomes possessed of an herbarium famous for containing specimens that can be found in no other.

All the while he is unheard of, or heard of unfavorably; but when he grows old, and, tottering on the brink of the grave, hands over his precious scraps to the nearest university, he becomes famous. A coterie of appreciative men collect something to relieve his pressing necessities, and—the matter ends.

But he dies, and then the world gains—not the blood-and-toil-stained herbarium, but the stimulating example of a hero's life, which, though it repelled the youth of his own time and district, becomes a burning and a shining light to lighten the path and fire the noble ambition of every youth who reads the story of the heroic struggles which bore him above the swamping waves of prejudice, of poverty, and of scorn.

He best enjoys this world whose heart is in the next; the poorest Christian may be supremely blest, the richest worldling inexpressibly miserable.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Episcopalians of Charleston have started a church burial association, in which the membership costs one dollar a year, and insures a hearse, coffin, carriage and grave in case of death. This is a sensible and much-needed reform.

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A LONDON undertaker, as an example of real enterprise, advertises his business by having six men parade the streets in succession, each dressed in a long white garment, with a white weeper round his hat, carrying in front of him a coffin-lid with a skull and cross-bones painted in white upon it.

—

A WEALTHY French chief-cook left a provision in his will that various tried recipes should be put upon his tombstone, in order that "people visiting the cemetery might gain a little information." But the cemetery officials will not allow the provision to be carried out, and the executors have therefore brought a suit, the outcome of which is awaited with interest.

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THE pawnbrokers of Boston are considerably agitated, and fear a loss of patronage, in consequence of an order issued recently by the Police Commission, compelling them to send to headquarters at the close of each day a description of each article presented to them, the amount of money loaned on the same, and the name and description of each person offering it.

—

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of a second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off. If we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever met in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

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KINDLY actions begun from a sense of duty, blossom into affection and afford some of the sweetest pleasures earth can bestow. Active industry at first painful and arduous unfolds our powers and comes to be the source of keenest satisfaction. Purity of thought, word and deed, sought at first from a true knowledge of its righteousness, comes at last to be the natural air which the spirit loves to breathe. Thus, duty of every kind, containing within it the germs of delight and beauty, will, if cherished, develop the sweetest flowers and richest fruits, and the good and the beautiful thus clasp hands and claim kinship forever.

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A GREAT change is about to come over the education of women in France. The Council of Public Instruction, dealing with the question of the higher education of girls, has issued a decree instituting a number of high schools, which are to be called lyceums, and managed in precisely the same manner as those for boys. Hitherto the education of the girls of well-to-do families in France has either been in the hands of mistresses and professors who have been engaged privately by the parents, or the pupils have been sent to the conventual schools to be educated under the superintendence of the nuns, and with the direct supervision of the clergy.

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NOT only are we bound by the law of love and humanity to refrain from giving knowingly a single pang to any one without a formed intention of doing a greater good, but we are equally bound to watch over our unthinking acts and words to the same end. As we rightly rejoice that increasing intelligence has put her ban on bodily persecution, so we may hopefully look forward to a time when she will so enlighten the minds and enlarge the sympathies of men and women that they will shrink with as much repugnance from giving unnecessary pain to sensitive feelings or a tender heart as they now do from the cruelties of barbarism.

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Just as any weak organ of the body may be improved by exercise and culture, so may the memory. One method of cultivating the memory is to see to it that the impressions received are properly and truly registered and repeated until they become familiar and, so to speak, a part of the brain structure. Another is to be very careful and not register impressions which are valueless, and thus lumber up the mind with unuseful trash, but to judiciously forget what is not essential. Forgetfulness is essential to remembering. We do not store up the unsound fruit, but cast it away as soon as we can; and so we should cast away the useless ideas that come and go in our active life.

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SOME one who had an insight into human nature once said, "To treat men as if they were better than they are, is the surest way to make them better." It would be an excellent thing for us all if we not only recognized this truth by the light of reason, but infused it into our daily practice. On the contrary, most of us appear to go upon the opposite principle. Whether it is that our minds dwell so much upon other people's failings that they are magnified in our view, or whether we fancy that they need a deeper conviction of the enormity of their misdoings to lead them to better things, certain it is that, so far from generally treating men as if they were better than they are, we usually treat them as if they were a little worse. And it is just because we do this so constantly and so unconsciously that we need special watch and care against it.

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THAT venerable politician and scientist of South Carolina, General Clingman, tells a New York paper that a recent visit to that city was purely philanthropic. "I am preparing," he said, "to publish a work which will reduce human suffering 99 per cent. It relates to the pure dried tobacco leaf as a curative of every disease, from a bunion on your foot to disease of the scalp. General Carr, of our Geological Survey, tells me it cured him of gout. I have known it to cure an ulcer of twenty years' running. A friend whose knee had been injured by the kick of a horse, and who had been on crutches six months, applied tobacco three nights and threw away his sticks. For sore eyes, bruises, swelling—everything—it is equally efficacious. You simply soak the leaf thoroughly in water, lay it on with a wet cotton bandage over it, and go to sleep The cure is marvelous."

—

A PRACTICAL movement in the direction of relieving over-populous districts in London and large English towns, is about going into active operation. The idea of the society is stated in their circular to be "to ascertain the best means of establishing villages where manufactures and 'home industries' can be combined with the cultivation of cottage or co-operative farms, as a remedy for over-crowding in great cities and want of employment in agricultural districts." Within the last month a co-operation farm has been started on the principle laid down by the society. It is especially devoted to market gardening, fruit and dairy farming. Some difficulty has been encountered in getting the laborers to understand that they are to share the profits instead of receiving wages, but this is being gradually overcome. Other industries have been introduced on the farm, such as stocking and jersey weaving, knitting and dressmaking, and information is being collected by the society from persons interested in local factories and home industries.

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Is the case of Carlyle, who croaked and groaned under dyspepsia for over eighty-four years, so uncommon a case? Doubtless no one would think of speaking of him as an illustration of health; but was there not in him more of the essence of bodily health than in Keats, who probably enjoyed far more in his short life than ever Carlyle did in his long one, but who died at 25; or than Kirke White, who died at twenty-one? Perhaps Sir Andrew Clark would say that health is one thing, and strength another; and that, while joy in living is the definite criterion of health, it is not a criterion of tenacity or strength. But is joy in living the criterion even of health in all kinds of organizations alike? Is it not true that one disease, and that sometimes a mortal disease, leaves the overspill of joy almost unaffected, while another, without the smallest deadliness, will extinguish, while it lasts, every possibility of joy? Every one knows how much of radiance of life consumption often admits, and how much of gloom is due to very slight affections of the liver.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Some men are callous and severe
With nature's gloomy, heartless souls,
To friends and strangers all austere,
Unless into their coffer rolls,

The gold which is their sole delight;
In busy mart, sweet smiles, they wear;
To all who buy they're so polite,
Tho' changed at other times their air,

And thus we see tho' men are cold,
And irksome gloom their visage dim,
The great and wondrous power of gold,
To banish every frown and whim.

And thus we likewise may behold
Civility, as bought and sold.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

The Prairie Fire.

BY CHARLES REED.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago North-Western Iowa was comparatively unsettled. With the exception of sparse settlements here and there in the edges of the groves that skirt the streams, that entire region, vast as it is, was as wild and undeveloped as when the roaming Indian alone broke the silence of nature's solitude.

The prairie, covered with a luxurious carpet of grass and flowers, extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach—in summer, a beautiful rippling sea of green, rich in promise for the future—in the fall, a monstrous mass of tinder, awaiting but a spark to kindle a conflagration grander and more terrible in its consuming fury than ever enveloped a coliseum or threatened a Kremlin.

In the autumn of 1855, John Rolfe was one of a party of surveyors engaged in the Government survey of North-Western Iowa. He was about twenty-five years of age, a man of splendid physique, wonderful endurance, and more than average intelligence.

During the summer previous to the opening of our story, Rolfe's party was engaged north and east of the present town of Algona, and he, tiring of the monotony of camp-life, cultivated the acquaintance of a settler—Manton by name.

What magnetic influence the eyes of pretty Mary Manton, the farmer's daughter, had in attracting John hither we leave for our readers to determine. Suffice it to say that Farmer Manton's rather rude log-house had become a very home-like place to him, where a warm-hearted welcome was ever extended, and Mary's eyes beamed more brightly at each recurring visit.

Toward the close of October it became necessary to send certain important papers connected with the survey to Fort Dodge, where the Government land office for the district was then situated. The distance was something over fifty miles, and the prairie extended nearly all the way to the Des Moines River, some forty miles in that direction.

To John Rolfe was intrusted the task of conveying the documents in question; and as Mary Manton and her brother, a lad of some eighteen years, had been for some time desirous of visiting a relation who resided at "the Fort," they determined to take advantage of the present circumstance and make with him the journey on horseback.

As time was pressing, their preparations were rather hastily made, and early one morning the little cavalcade started. The party was well mounted, John especially, who rode a horse he had owned for several years—a large, finely formed, sleek-limbed, swift, and powerful animal, of wonderful endurance and remarkable docility.

No wonder that John was fond of him. Indeed, no amount of money would have been considered by him an equivalent for his beautiful Caliph.

The morning betokened one of those warm, dreamy, hazy days occasional in the district at that time of the year.

A gentle breeze from the south was wafted in the faces of the party as they rode along; crickets chirruped sleepily in the grass, and deer, prairie-hens and other wild game, moved out of the way of the intruders with less than half their accustomed celerity, as if nature had woven around them some narcotic spell that robbed them of their usual timidity. The subtle power, whatever it was, exercised no influence over our little party, however.

They chatted and sang, and so pleasantly sped the time that they scarcely noticed its passing, until the leader, looking at his watch, announced that noon had arrived, and that it was time to dismount, feed their horses, and partake of luncheon.

They had made about half the distance, and were within fifteen miles of the river. Their stopping-place was a little grove in the lee of a small lake. After an hour's rest, the party remounted and proceeded on their way.

They had gone perhaps three miles further, when, for the first time, they noticed that the wind had changed, and was blowing directly on their backs, and also that the hazy appearance of the atmosphere had changed to a murky aspect, while the stiffening breeze was filled with the odor of smoke. As if to make assurance doubly sure, bits of burnt grass-blades and flakes of ashes began raining around them.

This fact, however, occasioned but little alarm, as every frontiersman is aware that he can easily secure himself against danger of a prairie fire by burning ahead and passing over the feeble windward fire on to the burnt district.

But when the leader, alighting to kindle the flame that was to be their means of safety, found that neither himself nor either of his companions had a match, his face blanched to the whiteness of death, and he trembled with a mighty fear; for, brave man though he was, he intuitively perceived that they were in the presence of an awful danger, and that only almost superhuman effort or miraculous intervention could avert it.

Already retreat to the little lake, which they had left scarcely half an hour ago, was cut off. The wind during their brief delay had increased to a hurricane, and, borne by it, the "head fire" was bearing down upon them, scarcely half a mile distant, with the velocity of a race-horse. Oh, what a change had a single hour wrought! A scene of calm tranquility and placid contentment had been converted in that short interval into a pandemonium of terror.

To our little party but one alternative was left—to reach the Des Moines River, nearly twelve miles away, ahead of the fiery element.

The entire distance was over a comparatively level expanse, covered from knee to breast high with a compact mat of dead grass; and as it was in an exceedingly dry time, no rain having fallen for many weeks, the ponds and small streams that ordinarily contained water enough to impose somewhat of a barrier against the flames were now parched and baked, and there was absolutely no shelter of any kind short of the river.

To reach that haven depended upon the speed and endurance of their horses. This the leader well knew, and he perceived, too, that every moment lost lessened the chances of escape and increased the danger; and so, as soon as he realized the impossibility of starting a protecting fire, with scarcely a word to his companions he quickly tightened his saddle-girths, patted his horse affectionately, leaped into the saddle, and started. He compelled his horse to take a long, easy gallop, to accommodate his speed to that of the other animals, as well as to husband his strength for a final emergency.

The party had much difficulty, too, in restraining the impatient ardor of their steeds, which seemed instinctively to divine the imminent peril, and which, if allowed free rein, would have exhausted themselves in a very short time and thus fallen certain victims to the fury they were endeavoring to escape.

Rolfe showed himself a wonderfully cool and collected man. Carefully he watched the route ahead, avoiding rough and boggy ground and selecting the smoothest way, where the grass was the shortest and obstructions the fewest, observing at the same time the actions of his comrades, and directing their movements.

Mary sat in her saddle, erect, pale, and silent as a statue, giving no outward evidence of the fearful storm that must have been raging within her bosom.

Joe, too, was silent and restrained; but a nervous twitching of the lips, and a frightened gleam in the eyes, betrayed a fear that only the exercise of a strong will could repress. Poor fellow! Perhaps he had a premonition of the awful fate awaiting him.

The smoke that rolled in a dense cloud over and around them made the air stifling and almost unbearable. Game birds of various kinds whirred over their heads, while deer, elk, and occasionally wolves and other animals, aroused from their lairs by the advancing destruction, raced along, apparently across noticing the motley company, so intent were all in reaching some goal of safety.

Hardly more than half the distance was accomplished ere it became evident that the pursuing flames were gaining, and that the speed of the horses must be increased. But could they bear it?

Already they were covered with foam, and the one on which Mary rode was blowing froth mixed with blood from its nostrils at every expiration, so terrible was the strain upon his strength, together with the injurious effects of the vitiated air they were compelled to inhale.

Joe's horse, also, though a good one, began to show signs of weariness, and to require urging; but Caliph was proving his matchless staying qualities, and though covered with sweat, gave no sign of tiring, and responded readily to the pressure of the rein.

And still the fire gained. They could hear it behind them, roaring and crackling like a fierce whirlwind.

All their luggage, every article of superfluous clothing, everything that would impede their progress, was cast away. Rolfe and Joe divested themselves of their apparel down to their shirt, shoes and stockings; then unbuckling the girths they slid forward on their horses' withers, and allowed their saddles to fall behind.

This seemed to give the animals new strength, and mile after mile was traversed without perceptibly increasing or diminishing the distance between them and the fire, until through the smoky fog, and not more than half a mile away, could be discerned a dark fringe that betokened a grove and which they knew to be on the opposite bank of the river.

Rolfe was the first to discover the glad intelligence, and he screamed the welcome news to his companions, and urged them to make one supreme effort for life. But even as he spoke Mary's horse stumbled, and Rolfe, who was riding close to her side, had barely time to snatch her from her perilous position and swing her in front of him, when the ill-fated animal fell and was swallowed up in the fiery death. But even that momentary delay was almost fatal.

Fiercely and bravely the survivors struggled on, their riders urging them to their utmost, and it seemed for a brief time that all would be well; but when within less than forty rods of the river-bank, Joe's horse faltered and was caught in the awful flood, and, with a scream of terror that rose with blood-curdling distinctness above the roar of the conflagration, the poor boy was lost to all but memory forever in this life.

The splendid Caliph, though enwrapped in flame, reached the bank with his double burden, and plunged over the sheer declivity of fifteen feet into the saving waters of the Des Moines, which fortunately was deep at that place, swam to the other shore, and dropped dead within fifty feet of the water's edge.

Rolfe's hair and whiskers were burnt to the skin, and the clothes of both himself and his companion had been on fire in a score of places.

Mary had fainted in the last fearful ordeal but soon revived to view with dismay and heart-breaking anguish the result of a short half-hour. She and Rolfe had escaped, but barely with their lives, while a much-loved brother had met with a frightful death on the very brink of safety, and she thought with sorrowful forebodings of the grief of their parents when they should learn the sad news.

They walked to the house of a settler, a short distance in the grove, where Mary obtained a welcome shelter for the time, and Rolfe assistance to bring in the remains of poor Joe. The next morning, on the river's bank, with his own hands, Rolfe dug two graves, in one of which was deposited all that remained of Joe Manton, while in the other the body of the faithful Caliph was placed. In after-years two monuments were erected on the spot and a little space enclosed, that loving hands have ever since tended with unremitting care.

John Rolfe and Mary Manton were married in the course of time, and became the owners of a section of land, which included the grave where their brother was buried. And there they reside to-day, rich and contented, blessed with a happy family, and surrounded by all the conveniences and refinements of life.

They have lived to see the wide prairie, over which they raced for life so long ago, become one vast fruitful field, from whose well-filled granaries many of the hungry of the earth are fed; but is it to be wondered at that his genial face will grow serious, and her eyes fill with a look of terror, at the bare mention of that awful experience?

Time cannot efface the impression of that half-hour of their lives; its haunting horror will follow them to their graves.

Senior and Junior.

BY J. C. MITCHELL.

THERE was a suppressed murmur of conversation in the dressmaking department of the large drapery establishment of Messrs. Bainbridge & Son, which the steady whir of a hundred sewing-machines could not wholly drown. Where the presence feminine can be found, be sure the tongue feminine will be heard.

The superintendant of the room, understanding this, did not attempt to enforce silence, so pretty Dollie Wynn and May Burton talked very confidentially in their corner of the great room; and no one interfered so long as fingers were busy as well as tongues.

And this was what May said, Dollie's blue eyes being riveted upon the quilling on which she was at work,—

"I saw her yesterday when I was going out to dinner. She was just stepping into her carriage, and Mr. Edgar himself handing her in. She looks old—nearly forty, I should say; but they say she is immensely rich, and her dress was splendid. So I suppose her money goes against her age."

"Did you hear they were to be married soon?"

"Bless me! didn't I tell you that? My brother is in the stationer's where the wedding-cards are being printed. They are to be married on the twenty-seventh. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, and the card of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Wilson. Twelve! Come; we will go for a walk."

"No; I am tired," Dollie pleaded.

And her friend left her, never heeding the sudden pallor of the sweet young face, the dumb agony in the great blue eyes.

When she was alone, Dollie stole away to the little room where the cloaks, shawls and hats of the girls were kept, and there, crouching in a corner, hidden entirely by a huge waterproof, she tried to think it all out.

What had it meant? What did Edgar Bainbridge mean in the long year he had tried by every masculine device to win her love?

She had not been unmaidenly; heart and conscience fully acquitted her.

She had given her love, pure, true and faithful, to the son of her employer; but he had sought it, delicately and persistently, before he knew that it was given him.

The young girl, now sewing for a living, had been daintily bred and thoroughly educated, her father having been a man drawing a salary, sufficient to give his only child every advantage. But when he died, and his wife in a few months followed him, Dollie had chosen a life of honorable labor in preference to one of idle dependence upon wealthy relatives.

And yet in the social gatherings of those relatives, and the friends of summer days, Dollie was still a welcome guest.

It was at her Uncle Lawrence's suburban villa she had been introduced to Edgar Bainbridge. After this she met him frequently, and in her simple dress, with her sweet, pure face, had won marked attention from him.

With the frankness that was one of her greatest charms, the young girl had let her admirer know that though she was Lawrence Wynn's niece, she worked for a living in the dressmaking department of Bainbridge and Son.

Then he had made her heart bound with sudden, grateful joy by telling her he had seen her leave the "shop" night after night, but would not join her for fear of giving annoyance by exposing her to the remarks of her companions.

After this, however, she often found him waiting for her at some point further from the establishment, and always so respectful and courteous that she was glad of his protection in her long walk.

But he was going to marry an heiress on the twenty-seventh, only a week away, so he had but trifled with her after all.

Poor little Dollie, crouching among the shawls and cloaks, felt as if all sunshine was gone from her life forever, as if her cup of humiliation and agony was full to overflowing.

But the dinner-hour was over, the girls coming in or sauntering from resting-places in the work-room, and the hum of work commenced again, as it must, whatever aching hearts and weary hands crave rest.

Dollie worked with the rest, her feelings so numbed by the sudden blow, that she scarcely heard May's lamentations over a sudden flood of order-work, that would keep many of them in the room till midnight.

"We'll have all day to-morrow if we can finish these dresses to-night," said one of the small squad of girls told off for the extra work. "Miss Brown says so. But these must be ready to deliver in the morning."

Talk, talk, talk! Whir, whir, whir! Dollie folded and basted, working with rapid mechanical precision, hearing the noise of voices and machines, feeling the dull, heavy beating of her own heart, and the throbs of pain in her weary head, but speaking no word of repining, excusing her pallid face by the plea of headache.

It was after eleven o'clock when the last stitch was set in the hurried work, and the girls ran down the long flights of stairs to plod home through a drizzling rain, following the late snow-storm.

As Dollie passed down the staircase, she saw in the counting-house her recreant lover, busy over some account books.

But for the heavy news she had heard that morning she would have felt sure that this sudden spasm of industry was to furnish an excuse for escorting her home at that unusually late hour.

But, if so, Dollie felt it was but an added insult to his dishonorable conduct, and she hurried on, hoping he had not heard her step.

She had gone some few streets from the shop, when, passing a church, she slipped upon a treacherous piece of ice and twisted her ankle.

The sudden pain made her faint for a moment, and she sat down upon the stone-work supporting the railings to recover herself. Beside her, not a stone's-throw away, a dark, narrow alley-way ran along the high brick wall of the churchyard, and the girl's heart sank with a chill of terror as she heard a man's voice in the alley say,—

"Didn't you hear a step, Bill?"

"A woman. She's turned off somewhere. He ain't come yet," was the answer.

"He's late to-night," said the first voice, in a gruff undertone.

"You are sure he's taking the diamonds home?"

"Sure as death. I was at ——'s when he gave the order. 'Send them to my shop at nine o'clock,' says he, 'and I will take them home with me.' And he gave the address of Bainbridge & Son."

"But are you sure he will pass here?"

"Of course he will. He lives in the next street. He'll come."

"Suppose he shows fight?"

"You hold him, and I'll soon stop his fight."

Every word fell on Dollie's ears clear and distinct in the silence of the night.

They would rob him, these dreadful men if nobody warned him. They would spring out upon him as he passed, and strike him down before he knew there was danger.

He must not come alone, unprepared. False lover, false friend as she felt he was, she could not go on her way and leave him to death.

When she stood up, the pain of her ankle was almost unendurable; but she clung to the railings, and so limped along one street. The others seemed interminable.

Often she crawled through the wet slush of the streets; often on one foot hopped painfully along, till the shop was reached at last, and the light in the counting-house still burned.

The side-door for the working-girls was still unfastened, and Dollie entered there, reaching the counting-house, soaking wet, white and trembling, to confront both Edgar Bainbridge and his father.

Unheeding their exclamation of dismay and surprise, she told her story, with white lips, but a steady voice.

"Waiting for me?" cried Edgar Bainbridge. "The scoundrels!"

"You bought diamonds at ——'s to-day?" asked the father.

"A parure for Miss Wilson, sir. I wish to present them, with your permission, on Thursday. Ah, look at that poor girl!"

For, overcome by pain, fatigue and mental torture, poor Dollie had staggered towards the door and fainted upon the floor.

A hasty call summoned the porter, and in a few minutes the porter's wife appeared, rubbing her eyes, but full of womanly resources for the comfort of the girl.

A cab was procured, and clothed in dry garments, furnished by the good-hearted woman, and, escorted by a porter, Dollie was driven home.

The next morning, walking proved to be impossible, and Dollie was obliged to call upon her landlady for assistance to dress, wondering at herself a little for caring to get up.

But before noon, sitting in the parlor, her lame ankle upon a cushion she was surprised by two gentlemen callers—no other than Bainbridge and Son in person—and a lady who introduced herself as Miss Wilson.

"We have all come to thank you," the lady said; "and I have come to carry you home with me. These gentlemen owe you their lives; I owe you my diamonds."

"But what did you do?" asked Dollie.

"We captured the robbers by a masterly stratagem," said the old gentleman.

"Edgar sauntered past the alley-way, with a revolver all ready in his hand, while I, with three policemen, went round and entered the alley softly, behind the villians. Taken by surprise, their retreat cut off, they were easily made prisoners. You understand, we could not arrest them unless they actually attacked Edgar. As it is, however, there was a very pretty little tussle before we came up. Bless me, dear child—don't faint—he's all right!"

"My foot!" Dollie murmured. "I sprained my ankle last night. It was in stop to rest it that I sat down on the church wall."

"You didn't come all the way back with a sprained ankle?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a heroine!" cried Miss Wilson. "But, my dear," and here the heiress drew nearer to Dollie, and took her hand in a close clasp, "we have been hearing, this morning a pretty little love story, of which you also are the heroine, and I have come to see if you will be my guest until Thursday, and then make poor Edgar there the happiest of men by assisting at a double wedding."

Dollie's eyes, slowly dilating as the other lady spoke, were open to the fullest extent as this climax was reached.

"Edgar!" she said, "I thought he was to marry you on Thursday?"

A musical laugh answered her.

Calling the gentlemen at the same time from the window, where they had sauntered during this little scene, Miss Wilson looked up at them.

"Convince this young lady, Edgar," she said, "that your affection for me is only that of a dutiful son, and that I shall have a motherly affection for her likewise, when I become the wife of your father, Edgar Bainbridge, senior."

And then Edgar took the chair his step-mother-elect vacated, while the older lady and gentleman went outside to arrange a cushion in the carriage for the sprained ankle.

What Edgar said may be imagined; but certain it is that Dollie drove home with Miss Wilson, and was that lady's guest until the following Thursday, when her wedding-cards, too, were distributed, and the bridal party consisted of two bride-grooms and two fair, blushing brides.

The daily papers, in noticing the wedding, stated that the superb parure of diamonds worn by Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, junior, was a wedding present from Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, senior.

Gretty's Trust.

BY GORDON STABLES.

OLD VON HAUSEN sat on a stone about half-way up the Gulderhorn. Far above and on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad peaks at the present moment rosy-pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys grey blue shadows were creeping, and driving the pink away.

Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. But its beauty was entirely lost upon Von Hausen as he sat there on his stone thinking aloud, after the manner of a dreary men who are well up in years. He cared no more for the scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went sweeping past him and past him, and round and round his head.

"Virtue always triumphant!" he was saying—"Pah! mere sentiment, mere moonshine."

The fact is, Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it was likely to give him but he gone, but Gretty, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would hardly return from chamois-hunting for days to come.

"Virtue always triumphant! Yes, that is what she said. Pah! *money* is! Ha! ha! And I have that. O, my worthy but poverty-struck friend Rudolf, you may return when you please; Gretty will marry Von Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?"

He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger-point, and it must be confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes, and leered like an aged baboon.

"Oh? Let me see: seventy last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more, and I'll be only eighty; twenty, and I'll be but ninety; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't ——Aha!" he screamed, "yonder is an eagle!"

He started up as he spoke, and with eyes turned skywards and finger pointing up, began tottering forward step by step towards—destruction. A precipice fully 500 feet deep lay at his feet; he was on the brink of it—the next step would have been his last.

But a rough hand seized him by the coat-collar, pulling it up till his head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging the old man back at the same time.

"Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the new-comer, a rough but good-natured chamois-hunter, with gun in hand and bag on back, a morsel of leather stuck jauntily in his hat, just to show the village maidens, he used to say, that Bernezell was still a bachelor.

"Old bird!" growled Von Hausen, re-seating himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird? You're as bad as any one else. Humph!"

"Well, I say," said Bernezell, "this is gratitude! What are you going to give me for saving your neck, eh?"

"Neck? What? Oh, yes, to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll pay for a pot of lager."

"A pot of lager!" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you put upon your——Ha! ha! ha!"

"Value I put upon my ha-ha-ha. What d'ye mean? You're uncommonly like a fool!"

"Well, well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?"

The old man grew all smiles and leers in a moment. His face lighted up like a withered melon with the afternoon sun on it.

"No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "On—the—contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! She doesn't mourn long for her hunter. And look here: she's going to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Ay, she promised—she is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, old bi—I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say, hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag."

"Young on the legs, eh?"

"I should think you are."

They were seated very shortly in the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down-hill.

"And now," said Von Hausen, "I'm going to unfold my plans. But here, let us have another pint."

"What can the old heron mean," muttered Bernezell to himself, "by such reckless liberality? Something in the wind, I know. The grey hawk doesn't whistle till he is just going to swoop."

"Well," said Von Hausen, "and how is trade, eh? Got good bags lately?"

"Hardly any luck at all," sighed the other. "I'm still with jumping, and I haven't bagged a buck for five days."

"Wouldn't mind having a spell of pleasure, I dare say?—couple of months in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you I say."

When quite unfolded, Von Hausen's plans were something as follows:—Bernezell was to meet Rudolf in the hills, and prevent his return for a couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the village for that time, nor see Gretty, to whom he was betrothed. The "old bird," as Bernezell called him, was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gaiety, and must never for a moment be allowed to think of home. Nor must he write, or when he did his letters were to be destroyed.

"Suppose," said Bernezell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains, and tumbles into a crevasse?"

The old man positively rubbed his hands and cackled with delight.

"Capital! capital! capital!" was all he could say. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end. He! he!"

Bernezell smiled in his face as he said—

"Of all the old sinners that ever lived——"

"Eh? oh? What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard him.

"I said you were a right merry old soul," shouted Bernezell.

"Ha! ha! Yes, merry, but not so old, you know."

That very night, thus miserly Von Hausen counted out to Bernezell one by one the pieces of gold, for the chamois-hunter was to start early next day.

"I declare," said Von Hausen, "it is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you."

"Certainly: virtue, you know, is always——"

"Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen; "good night. Go home and sleep."

"Go home and sleep indeed," said Bernezell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder. "Yes; but not before I've seen Gretty."

Once clear of the village, he took his way hillwards up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming—it was now dark; they came from the windows of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and rustic. Gretty lived here with her mother, tended the goats, and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day.

Gretty ran to meet Bernezell, and took both his rough hands in her own wee white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of wood.

Gretty had just dressed for the evening, and very simple, but neat, was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes and an eager, pretty face.

She asked fifty questions of Bernezell, nearly all on the same subject; and when the chamois-hunter bade the mother good night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to follow.

"He has something to tell me," said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety.

Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes her Rudolf was by no means humble. No young man in all the glen was so tall, fresh and rosy, so stalwart and strong, as Rudolf, goat-herd though he was. None had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound from crag to crag, or climb the mountain steep, axe in hand, so bravely as he did, and his wild *glou-glou* at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high o'er hill and glen, and re-echoed too from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him so dearly and devotedly.

There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine-tree tops, and the stars were all out, so here was light enough to see the foot-path that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernezell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was until he got there. The truth is, that this honest chamois-hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl.

Probably he ought to have thrown the miser's money in his face, and stigmatizing him as a villain, refused to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do, my friend's life is not worth a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains before; an assassin is easily hired. No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother, when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will keep her in comfort for years."

"Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well, "you won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are going together. It will be for your good—at least for your mother's. I cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray you do not ask. My mouth is sealed. You'll be true?"

There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernezell remained as firm as the rocks that towered above them; but when he left next day to seek his friend in the hills, he carried with him a look of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that had bound it.

Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to see Gretty first? No, there was not an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay.

"Then I'll go," said the young man. "I can trust Gretty."

"You may indeed."

"And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back!"

"Yes," said Bernezell laughing.

So away they went together over the hills.

Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's mother. Gretty's father and he had been inseparables. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady and talked much with the daughter. His universal themes were money and poverty: the pleasures the former could bring, the misery entailed by the latter.

He broached the subject nearest his heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty.

Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolf. Weeks and a month, and then two. Oh! what could have become of him? Was he false? Impossible!

But a terrible storm with a slight shock of earthquake took place, and all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events, the doors were found open, and the goats had fallen or been cast over a precipice near the cottage. Near that dear old well where she had plighted her troth she now must sit and weep.

Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself. For Gretty's

"Mother she fell sick;"

poverty stared them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of Von Hausen the miser.

By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting-needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief, she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What can be harder to bear than grief and poverty too?

Many months went by, and still no lover returned.

Von Hausen had heard he was dead, that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married: this was worse, but she bore it.

Meanwhile where were the truants?

Bernezell had found his brother sitting, and at the end of a month medical men had prescribed a voyage to Madeira. They would just get back in five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Madeira, Bernezell's brother died.

"We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernezell, "and we'll go shares."

The steamer that was to take them to France was a week behind time. One day, "Yonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went, and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant Cape. *They had boarded the wrong boat!*

There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the patient's life.

"Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. "Be my wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life. Gretty, be mine."

Gretty's mother did not speak, but—

"She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was like to break."

Gretty stood up—tearless now, but with sad pale face. She took her mother's hand.

"Give me the right to save your mother's life," pleaded the miser once again.

"Stay!" cried a manly voice, "*I* have a prior claim." Next moment, with a fond cry, and color in her cheeks once more, Gretty was pressed to her lover's breast.

That day three weeks, dinkle—dinkle—dinkle—dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all—indeed, I always thought they were pot-metal—but how sweetly they sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word: a few years after this, the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated."

Angel's Governess.

BY THE MARCHIONESS.

"YOU have a very pretty governess for your little niece, Mrs. Vane."

"Pretty, Mrs. Nilcourt? Why, she has red hair!"

"Indeed! I did not observe. I thought she had a sweet face. Only a moment's glimpse, you know," responded Mrs. Nilcourt, warned off dangerous ground.

"Very good-looking, perhaps, if not quite underbred," observed Mrs. Vane, proceeding with her guest through the garden to the bed of pansies to be exhibited.

"She's Allen's fancy. Found her somewhere in a cottage, crying over her dead mother, quite alone in the world. He must needs take her up. Quixotic, you know—all the Elsinburgs are. There, here are the beauties—King of the Blacks, I believe Mr. Vick calls them."

"Charming—charming, indeed!"

"Syren wore a knot of them in her corsage, at the levee in the city last night," remarked Mrs. Vane.

"Ah! Syren, yes. Lovely creature! You cannot deny that your daughter is beautiful, dear Mrs Vane."

"She is considered beautiful, I believe," condescendingly.

"Certainly, certainly," now sure of being upon right ground. "We seldom have the pleasure of meeting a lady like Miss Vane."

Mrs. Nilcourt was new to Washington society, and a little afraid of Mrs. Vane, Allen Elsinburg's aunt. Also most anxious to propitiate her.

"And your little niece is a charming child."

"Angelique is a pet," returned Mrs. Vane.

Meanwhile, Syren, at a window of the breakfast room, shrugged her white shoulders, and wondered who that odious Mrs. Nilcourt was. She had something of importance to communicate to her mamma.

By-and-by Mrs. Vane came in.

"Why are you not practising, my dear," she asked.

"Mamma, I have something to tell you; do shut the door. Allen is in love with Fay!"

"The governess? Preposterous!"

"But little pitchers have long ears, and children and fools speak the truth. Angel says he gave Cecile a book on her birthday, last week; and when she takes the child to walk, Allen joins them in the park, and goes sauntering along the streets with them, right in people's faces!"

"Well, he's Angelique's brother," said Mrs. Vane, casting about for some excuse for this threatening aspect, but looking very pale.

"That is no reason he should pay court to her governess. There is no use trying to stave it off, mamma, he is dead in love with her. I suspected it when he brought her here. And she is handsome. Now what are we going to do?"

Miss Vane, in her perfect girl-of-the-period costume, was very pretty, but the blue in her eyes was rather too pale as she turned them wide upon her mother, asking this question.

They suggested, somehow, an unscrupulous nature, deep selfishness, cruel ambition.

"There is no use making a fuss with the girl. Though I could kill her! and that's the truth!" in a burst of passion.

"Hush! hush! there is Angel on the piazza. I don't see," sinking into a chair, for she had been standing, "how this has come about. I thought Allen—"

"He never cared a straw for me in that way. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Not that I would leave any stone unturned to get Allen, but it's of no use, with that Cecile Fay's beautiful eyes and magnificent hair under his nose every day."

Syren paused. Mrs. Vane did not think to declare that Cecile's hair is red. She looked desponding, excessively worried.

"Of course something can be done," at last.

"I don't know—not much hope," responded Syren, sullenly; and continued, "I shall never have another such a chance at Allen Elsinburg and the Magnolias."

"No," musingly.

Down below the grounds, on a hillock overlooking the river, sat Cecile Fay. There was no one in the world to whom she wished any harm—no one, you would have thought, looking at her delicate face, who could have wished her any. If not perfectly beautiful, she had, as Syren Vane said, beautiful eyes, and hair clustering upon her shoulders of that rare tint loved by painters, golden-hued.

She cared nothing for Mr. Elsinburg's wealth and position. Like a breath from heaven had come his love into her life. It seemed almost too great a happiness to be true; and she asked for nothing more on earth.

As she sat there—the child Angelique playing at her feet with flowers and grasses—Mrs. Vane, wearing a large shade hat and white shawl, leisurely approached her.

Her shadow fell; Cecile looked up—arose.

"Yes, better not stay there, my dear; it rained yesterday, I am going down to the river; come with me, come Angel."

They went down the green, sunflecked, sloping path. The water shone with a brilliant silver glow.

Drawn up on the bank was a tiny shallop, with oars. The child danced towards it.

"O take me to row, Miss Fay!" she cried.

"Does Miss Fay row, Angel?"

"A little," responded Cecile, "I would like to go out a little way, if we might take the boat."

"Certainly; it is Mr. Elsinburg's."

Mrs. Vane saw how Cecile's cheek flushed. Perhaps it was with the exertion of pushing the boat into the water.

"Will you come," she asked Mrs Vane.

"Not yet; let me see you go over to the island and back first," as the child took her seat beside Cecile, and the latter dexterously lifted the oars.

So quickly Cecile pushed off she did not notice that the boat leaked. Nor did she observe it, the bottom of the shallop being covered with autumn's yellow fallen leaves, until the child complained that there was water on her feet.

"I do not see any water, Angel."

"But the leaves are all afloat! there is water under them!" exclaimed the child.

They were already midstream.

"I can row over and come back, such a short way," thought Cecile. "Put your little feet up on the seat, dear." So they went on, the diamond-bright water dripping from the oar-blades, sucking dark, cold, and treacherous, under the bed of golden leaves. They touched the island—Belle Isle,—as it was called, and Cecile turned the boat.

They were an eighth of a mile from the shore they had left, perhaps. Mrs. Vane stood on the green slope, in her white shawl, watching. Not another human figure was to be seen. East and west, the water lay shining among its emerald slopes and overhanging trees; there was no sound but the merry voice of little Angel. Dear little Angel, it was so nearly her last "good time."

The brigot dripping oars rose and fell.

"Slower, she is rowing, slower," murmured Mrs. Vane. "The boat is growing heavy." And she measured the distance sharply with her narrowing eyes. "The child! but then, there is my child. She shall not be balked by that puny thing."

What a weight the boat had grown to those slender arms! It settled, swayed; the child saw Cecil's look of terror and screamed. For the tiny hole in the boat's bottom had suddenly widened. The water came rushing in—engulfed them. The two fell into each other's arms as the shallop went down beneath their feet, submerging them in the gliding stream.

Mrs. Vane, on the shore, stood still, and looked all about. She saw no one coming.

The circles about those two floating heads were growing larger.

Hark! was that a shout.

No.

Yes! another. A horse galloped to the spot. A man—she saw the face of Allen Elsinburg—flung himself off, and almost simultaneously into the water. Then Mrs. Vane began to scream.

"O help! help! my dear Cecile and my darling niece are drowning. O help! help!"

A carriage whirled to the spot, and she shrieked more dismally than ever. In fact, she went into very genuine hysterics.

For there was that in Mr. Elsinburg's face as he dashed past her, which made her tremble. She felt that he saw—understood.

She saw the two half-drowned dripping figures drawn out—then rushed away home and hid herself in her chamber.

But she heard the bustle of the others coming home; of the master of the Magnolias giving orders; of the servants' eager obedience. By-and-by she she heard Allen Elsinburg's step on the stairs.

He opened the door; spoke as to a disobedient child:

"I want to speak to you."

She came out.

"I have no wish," he said sternly, "that a would-be murderess should sleep beneath my roof to-night. Here are tickets for yourself and Syren. You will, if you please, take to-night's boat for the Limes."

She answered not a word.

So the enemy was overcome and banished. And as soon as Cecile Fay was convalescent from that terrible experience—whereby death had reached her within a hair's breadth—she became the happy wife of Allen Elsinburg, and is to-day, both a happy woman and an admired queen of Washington society.

As White as Snow.

BY CHARLES REED.

OUR newly found home in the Far West was charmingly situated on a gently rising eminence, with the broad prairie stretching out in front like a great sea, and behind the green leafy wood coming up to the very door. I was so happy!

In fact I began to think I had never known what real enjoyment was before.

Many a day I spent with my little son rambling over hill and dale, searching out leafy nooks and unexpected corners; or in my phaeton—a luxury my husband would insist on—behind my little jogging pony, driving where fancy willed over the vast expanse of unsheltered prairie.

The latter reminded one of the broad ocean, with its waving green grass sprinkled over with early spring flowers, and dotted here and there with herds of cattle; while the herders on their tough little ponies, and with flopping, broad-brimmed hats, dashed hither and thither after some stray animal, or stretched themselves lazily on the soft carpet of bright green grass, basking in the warm spring sunshine.

Our first winter's experience often recalled to my mind the poet's lines:—

"Shut in from all the world without,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,"

Reading and pleasant conversation between my husband, Charlie and myself, of far-away friends, and times past and gone, occupied our evenings; and I with our son Rollo as lessons, and the latter to look after—but Gretchen, a stout German girl whom we had employed as maid-of-all-work, had to be taught many things in cookery—the time was very profitably as well as pleasantly spent.

As spring came on, Charlie found it necessary to be absent from home for a short time. There was, however, apparently no danger to be apprehended either to himself or to us, for tramps in our thinly populated country were a rare occurrence; and, so far as we were concerned, Gretchen was, in strength, a match for any one man. Besides, we had a brace of pistols in the house which I had learned to use very well, and, therefore, though my skill had never been tried on anything but a target, I felt quite safe.

The day my husband left home the sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and as night set in the rain came down in long, slanting lines, at first slowly, but growing more steady until it became a torrent, and continued raining at intervals for four days.

At the close of the third day the herders came to say they thought it best to move the cattle to higher lands for fear of an overflow, though such a thing had never happened in that vicinity so far as they were aware. We retired early, and I was lulled to sleep by the patter of the rain on the roof.

About midnight I was awakened by a roaring, rushing sound that I could not account for. With a view of seeing what it was I stepped quietly from the bed. As I did so I found there was water on the floor. I turned the night-lamp so that I could see better, and found to my surprise that parts of the floor were covered about three inches deep in water. What could it mean?

Then the horror of a flood rushed into my mind. I ran to the window and peered into the inky darkness of the night. A vivid flash of lightning revealed a vast sea of water around us, and I could see the insidious foe slowly, but surely, creeping in at both door and window.

For a moment I stood paralyzed with terror, when suddenly it occurred to me that we might take refuge in a tree. There was a large oak which grew very near the house, its huge branches sprawling over the roof, and, on account of the use to which it was frequently put by my husband, was called by us the "Observatory." From its branches a view of the surrounding country for many miles could be obtained, thus showing him the position of the cattle, and thereby saving many needless trips. For greater convenience in reaching its summit, Charlie had caused a trap door to be made in the roof of our house, access to which was secured by means of a ladder placed for the purpose. This I saw was our only means of escape, for to remain in the house any longer would be to inevitably perish.

I hastily awakened Rollo, and bade him get up and dress, telling him of our danger. I then ran to Gretchen's room and found it already on the floor, and standing with clasped hands, staring wildly round.

"Gretchen, Gretchen! dress yourself quickly and come into my room," I said, and then hurried back to assist Rollo and get more clothing for myself.

After having every precaution we could for our protection, and wrapping a warm shawl around my [illegible] boy, we started for our leafy refuge in the tree. I bade Gretchen go first, Rollo next, and I, with baby in my arms, followed last of all, always trying to keep a hand on my boy, lest he should lose his footing.

The darkness was so dense that it was impossible to see each other, except by an occasional flash of lightning, which we began to consider as rather favorable to us than otherwise. After much trouble and anxiety, and not a little danger, we found ourselves securely seated in the tree, and we had hardly done so when, with a crashing sound, the house began to exhibit signs of giving way.

The horror of that night I shall never forget. The pitchy darkness, the dismal patter of the rain as it descended through the bare branches of the tree upon our uncovered heads, the roar of the sullen water as it swept around us, the lowing of the cattle, and the screaming of fowls as they were washed from their perches by the relentless waters, as well as our own peril, went to make a scene not easily forgotten.

How many hours we sat there I know not, but in changing my position I chanced to put my foot down, when, to my horror, I found that the water had almost reached our seats. I communicated the fact to Gretchen, and again, with much difficulty and danger, we succeeded in climbing to a higher level. We had hardly secured ourselves when Gretchen whispered, "The tree is falling!" And, indeed, this appeared for a moment to be actually the case. My heart seemed to cease beating, and I almost lost consciousness; but a friendly flash of lightning showed that the house, which had remained partly on its foundation was by the swift current entirely dislodged, and swinging round had struck the tree with great force as it was carried on by the angry waters.

The long hours of night and darkness dragged their weary lengths away, and it was with the deepest feelings of thankfulness that I saw the first faint streak of dawn in the eastern horizon. Surely the day never dawned or the sun rose on such a dreary scene as was presented to us.

Where yesterday were fresh spring grass and budding trees was to-day a waste of sullen water, with not a foot of dry land within a mile of us. As the morning advanced I strained my eyes for the sight of a human form, and I began to think that we had escaped a watery grave to perish of cold and hunger; for we were drenched to the skin, and the chill spring air seemed to strike to the very marrow of our bones.

After a weary watching of I know not how many hours, we were gladdened by the sight of a boat, containing two men, coming towards us; one, I felt sure, was my husband, for I could recognize him even at that distance.

Taking a handkerchief from Rollo's coat pocket, I waved it and shouted as loudly as I could. The men seemed to hear, for they stopped as though listening. I shouted again, and soon an answering voice came back, and I saw them coming towards us. No one can conceive the feeling of thankfulness and joy that swept over me as I saw our rescuers so near at hand, and our danger at an end.

It was with difficulty that we descended from our elevated seats, as we were so benumbed with cold as to be hardly able to move ourselves, but, with the assistance of Charlie and his companions, we were placed safely in the boat, and before many minutes we found ourselves again on *terra firma*, and were soon enjoying the cheerful fire blazing on one of our neighbor's hearths.

As I sat drying and warming myself, I saw my husband looking at me in a strange manner.

"What is it, Charlie?" I asked, laughing. "Has the night changed me to something terrible?"

"Why, no," said he. "But what is the matter with your hair, dear wife?"

I went to the mirror, and there a strange sight greeted my eyes, for my hair, as black as a raven's wing twelve hours ago, was now as white as snow!

THE MIRACLES OF ESCULAPIUS.

WE will begin our account of the miracles of Æsculapius the pagan god of medicine by selecting one of the most curious and elaborate. It is called the miracles of Pandarus or Thessaly, the man who had marks (stigmata) upon his forehead. This man having lain down to sleep had a vision. It seemed to him that the god of healing tied a bandage over the marks, and commanded him when he had gone forth from the building to take off the bandage and dedicate it as an offering in the temple. When it was day, Pandarus got up and took off the bandage; he then saw that the marks were removed from his face and dedicated the bandage to the temple.

A man named Æschines wishing to see into the building where the supplants lay, climbed up into a tree. It was now dark, and probably Æschines began to doze; at any rate, he managed to fall from his tree right into the quickset hedge of the place—a fence of stakes—and, literally, scratched out both his eyes. Blind and suffering great pain, he went as a suppliant to the god, slept and was healed. Euippus had had for six years a spear-head in his jaw; while he was sleeping the god drew out a spear head and placed it in his hand.

Hermeus, a man of Mytilene, had no hair on his head, though he had a good many on his cheeks; or, to state his case in the language of the modern hair dresser, he was bald but had luxuriant whiskers. Being annoyed at the jests of which his appearance was made the subject by other people, he went and slept, and the god, by anointing his head with a certain remedy, made his hair to grow. Euphanes, a boy of Epidaurus, being afflicted with a grievous malady slept. It seemed to him that the god appeared and said to him, "What will you give me if I cure you?" "Ten knucklebones," answered the child. The god laughed, but said he would heal him, and when it was day he went forth whole.

Another boy, who was dumb, came as a suppliant to the god, and made the usual preliminary sacrifice. One of the temple servants, turning to the boy's father, inquired of him if he would promise to offer a sacrifice within a year in return for a cure. But the boy, suddenly finding his voice, exclaimed, "I promise." His father in astonishment bade him speak again, and the boy spake again, and from that moment he was cured.

The next miracle to be related is that of "a man of Torone who swallowed leeches." This man, while sleeping saw a vision. It seemed to him that the god cut open his breast with a knife, took out the leeches, gave them into his hands, and then sewed up his breast again. When it was day the man went forth cured, having the leeches in his hands. He had been led into swallowing the leeches by the perfidious conduct of his step-mother, who threw them into a beverage that he was drinking.

But the healing powers of Æsculapius found scope for their exercise even in the case of *inanimate* objects, as witness the following story: A certain youth was going down to the temple of Epidaurus, carrying in a bag some of his master's property, among which was a *Kothon* or cup of earthenware. When he was about ten furlongs from the temple he had the misfortune to fall, his burden with him. For this constant servant of the antique world, the breakage of his master's china seems to have had in it an element of seriousness which it has no longer for the modern domestic, and it was with real grief that he perceived that the *kothon*, the very cup from which his master was accustomed to drink, was broken. He sat down and began to try in a hopeless manner to put the pieces together. At this juncture, there came by a certain wayfarer, who on seeing him, addressed him thus: "Wherefore, O miserable creature, are you vainly endeavoring to put together the pieces of that cup? why, not even Æsculapius, the god of Epidaurus, could mend its broken limbs!" Having heard this, the lad put up the fragments in his bag, and proceeded on his way. On reaching the temple, he once more opened the bag, and, behold, took out from thence the cup, made whole. The servant told his master all that had been said and done, and the master dedicated the cup to the god of healing. This is called the miracle of the "Kothon."

THE GREAT MUSICIANS.—Madame Materna, the greatest of living dramatic singers, is the daughter of a poor pedagogue in Syria. Christine Nilsson was a ragged street singer. Jenny Lind was a peasant child. Campanini was a servant. Brignoli was a cook. Nicolini "tended bar." Had not Rossini given Alboni instruction, the first half of the century might have looked a great contralto. Her successors—Cary, Emily Winant, and Hope Glenn—are simply American girls, whose nobility is in true hearts and not in coronets. The Bach family, illustrious musicians for 200 years were always so poor that they had to take lessons from each other. Balfe was the son of an Irish cottager. Beethoven's mother was a cook's daughter. Haydn's father was a wheelwright. Gung'l who has written the most delicious dance music, learned to sing while his father wove stockings. Lucca is a peasant's daughter. Paganini was born and bred in want. Schumann's childhood was spent in a [illegible]shop. The father of Liszt held a petty government office. Wagner's father was a police court Dogberry. The only representative of royalty who attained a respectable place in music was a woman—the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great.

"SNAIL FARMS."—"Snail farms" have been introduced in Switzerland, where many gardens round in the Grisons are used for the sole cultivation of the delicacy. Children gather the snails off the hedges in summer and place them on beams in the farms. There they are fed on refuse vegetable leaves, and surrounded by a thick barrier of sawdust, which prevents their escape. When cold weather comes the snails grow fat and bury themselves in the sawdust to begin their long winter sleep, but they are soon collected and sent off to Italy to be sold for $4.00 and $4.50 per basket of two cwt.

THE large Roman snail is still eaten by Continental epicures and called a great delicacy. They are raised in snail houses and fed on common white paper.

A Physician's Estimate.

Dr. John W. Williamson, Danville, Va., has been using Compound Oxygen in his own case and in a number of cases which he was not able to cure under ordinary medical treatment. He says:

"It is certainly the most valuable and reliable treatment I know in all chronic diseases. It cured me of several different types from those for which it is prescribed, as in my own case, for twenty-five years I had suffered with hemorrhoids, which had resisted all treatment, and I never expected to be relieved, but to my surprise, after I was cured of my bronchial and lung trouble by the use of Compound Oxygen for three weeks, I found I was entirely relieved of piles, and they have not returned. Humanity owes untold obligations to you for the introduction of a treatment so valuable to cure them."

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Our Young Folks.

SPINDLES.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

EVERY child in the little town of Penzance was in the greatest state of excitement at the arrival of a circus—a real beautiful circus, with its numbers of horses and small ponies, as well as performing dogs and pigs, and I don't know who else besides. Yes, there was no doubt about it, nothing could be more delightful than a circus, and what lucky boys and girls were they who had some kind friend to take them to see it! One of its greatest attractions was a small boy, who rode beautifully, jumped through hoops covered with paper, and turned somersaults in a way which made every boy's heart bound with envy. Poor Spindles! I think they would have been sorry if they knew how frightened he was, how he trembled in every limb, and was often cruelly beaten by Monsieur Pedro when he failed to do any of his tricks. "Fancy," the children would say, "how nice it must be to wear such a grand coat and velvet knee-breeches, and to have such a lovely horse to ride!" And Spindles, who looked at their happy faces, and saw how merry they were and well-cared-for by their fathers and mothers, would sigh to himself, "Alas, how unhappy am I! I wish I had someone to love me too." Like a sort of far-away dream he dimly remembered a beautiful house and garden where he played about, and a lady with a sweet face and gentle voice, whom he called "mother," and then—then he could not recollect any more, but he felt sure it wasn't all a dream, and he felt certain that Monsieur Pedro and his hard, ill-tempered wife were not really his father and mother though they pretended they were.

Poor little Spindles! Many a time did he sob himself to sleep, feeling, ah! so lonely and miserable. I don't think any child would have cared to exchange their happy home for his, in spite of his having a velvet coat to wear and a fine horse to ride.

The last night before Monsieur Pedro and his company left Penzance a special company was advertised. The circus was to be lit with electric light, and Spindles was to do a wonderful jump through two hoops at once. Everyone was going, and everyone was on the tiptoe of excitement and delight.

"Oh, sir," sobbed poor little Spindles, "pray let me off. I shall never be able to do it—never, never," and he wrung his hands in despair.

"None of that rubbish, you young idiot," shouted Monsieur Pedro, shaking him roughly by the collar, "or it will be the worse for you," and catching up a strap which lay near, he shook it at the shrinking child.

"Yes; that's what he wants, the coward," exclaimed Madame Pedro. "A more obstinate, sulky little wretch I never saw."

Poor boy! It was a sad heart which beat under his gay coat when he walked into the ring amidst a blaze of light, and how terribly frightened he felt when he heard the people clapping and shouting, "Here's Spindles! Bravo, Spindles."

"Don't he look white and thin, daddy?" said a pretty little girl who sat with her father near the entrance of the circus.

"Indeed he does, Nancy. Poor woe chap I expect he has a hard time of it.

"But daddy, don't you think he looks wearing those fine clothes and having a real horse to ride?"

"I think," smiled daddy, "he would rather, much rather have a kind father and mother to love him, and a happy home like yours. I never saw a more miserable face in my life."

Nancy was so impressed with this view of the case, that she said nothing, and watched Spindles with the greatest interest when Pedro lifted him on to his horse, and he stood up and began to ride round the ring amidst the delighted shouts of the children. Faster and faster played the band, and quicker and quicker cantered the horse. Twice were the hoops held up in front of the child, but each time his courage failed him, and he was forced to jump through.

"One, two, three," cried the clowns. "Ah!" shrieked the crowd, as the horse galloped by riderless, and Spindles fell in a helpless heap on the ground.

"Get up," growled Pedro, "none of this shamming," and he took hold of the boy so roughly he moaned with pain.

"Shame! shame!" cried the crowd, and Nancy's father ran down, and, seizing him by the shoulder, said,

"I leave this child to me, you villain; I want to see if one is injured. He was not to take that leap, and it was cruel to try and make him do so."

Pedro tried to mutter something about "my child."

"Your child!" interrupted the gentleman, as he lifted Spindles in his arms. "I don't believe he is yours at any rate. If he is you treat him cruelly, and I do not like to have charge of him."

So saying, Dr. Seobell carried the poor boy to a cottage near by, closely followed by Nancy, who was crying bitterly out of pity for Spindles.

His left arm was found to be broken, and, after setting it as well as he could, the kind doctor ordered a carriage round, and, bidding Nancy get in, laid him gently on the seat opposite.

"Now," said he to Monsieur Pedro, who stood by, looking ashamed and frightened, "I am going to take the boy home with me for to-night. You can come to my house to-morrow, and we will settle what is to be done. But he will not be able to move for some days to come; remember that!"

It was rather a long drive to Nancealverne, and Spindles could not help moaning all the time in a way which was pitiful to hear. At last they drove up to the hall door. Nancy jumped out and ran into the drawing-room, where a lady was sitting reading.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, breathlessly, "we have got the poor little circus boy with us. He has broken his arm, and daddy has set it, and—and"—Nancy couldn't go on for want of breath and excitement, and whilst Mrs. Rashleigh was trying to understand what she meant, Dr. Seobell came in, and, laying Spindles on a sofa, he said,

"Here, Molly, I have brought you someone to look after, who wants good nursing and plenty of good things to eat. But Molly, you are not listening to me; what's the matter? Why, Molly!" and he stared in astonishment as his sister, with a great scream flung herself on her knees by the sofa, crying, "Oh, my darling, my boy! You have come back to me at last. Have I found you after all these years? Thank God! Oh, thank God!" With trembling hands she pushed the hair off his forehead, and showed the astounded doctor a large red scar. "See! Don't you remember when he fell down and cut himself, and how frightened we were, and what a dreadful mark it made? You said it would be for life. Not know him! My darling, your mother could never forget you. Could she, my own?"

And Spindles, smiling contentedly up at her, knew he had found the real end of his dream at last.

Yes it was even so. Nancy's "circus-boy" turned out to be no other than her cousin, Jack Rashleigh, who had been stolen away from a careless nurse when left in her charge in the Park. In vain, large rewards were offered, and search made far and near. The broken-hearted parents could find no trace of their only child, and now, after three weary years, a kind Providence had restored him to them. With what thankful hearts, did Colonel and Mrs. Rashleigh bend over their boy's bed that night, and how astonished Pedro was, when he came next day, to hear that Spindles had found his father and mother! He contested to Dr. Seobell that he had got him from some gipsies, thinking he could train him to ride well, and so prove an attraction to his circus. At first he blustered and swore, and said he must be paid for his loss; but Dr. Seobell shut the door in his face, and threatened him with the police if he did not take himself off pretty quickly, which he was only too glad to do.

Little Jack—for so we must call him—was tenderly nursed back into health and happiness. Nancy and he had many a fine game of play together, and very often did she say to her daddy, "Oh, daddy, wasn't it lucky you and me did go to the circus that night, or we never should have found out that 'Spindles' was really poor little Jack?"

ABOUT SNAILS.

GERMAN country children have a quaint little rhyme to ask the snail to put out her horns. Translated, its meaning is like this:

"Snail, snail, your four horns show,
Show me the one you don't say 'No,'
Or I shall pitch you into the ditch,
And the crows that come to the ditch to sup,
Will gobble you up, gobble you up!"

In some parts of the south of England the children invite the snail out less politely. They chant over and over:

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal!"

This sounds very cruel, but they can't mean it can they?

Near Exeter the country children have a more fanciful rhyme

"Snail, snail, shoot out your horns,
Father and mother are dead,
Brother and sister are in the back-yard,
Begging for barley-bread."

The snail's parents and relations are meant, not their own. This reminds us of what the little brown Italian children say in Naples: they sing to the snail to look out and show his horns, as the snail mamma is laughing at him, because she has now a better little snail at home. In some parts of the south of Ireland there is a prettier rhyme than any of these, and it asks him to come out to see a great visitor:

"Snail, snail, shoot out your horns,
Shoot out your horns,
For the king's daughter is coming to town,
In a red petticoat and a green gown!"

The children who sing those rhymes think that if only they sing them often enough, the horns will be put out at last. They have picked up the snail, and he has tucked himself into his shell. When, by-and-by, when his first fright has worn off, perhaps he puts out his head just to see where he is, or to look if the big live thing that startled him is gone away.

Snails like to go out on fine dry nights, because when the weather is dry they have to travel all day [illegible] in search of a lane or garden. On wet days in summer weather they go out at all hours, always carrying their little shell-houses on their backs, and ready at a moment's notice to tuck themselves in, horns and all. One notices the two long horns most, but they have another pair of very small ones as well. In winter they sleep all the time in some crevice of an old garden wall, or in a little hole in the ground covered with moss and leaves.

We often hear of "fattening-up" geese and turkeys, but how funny it sounds to talk of fattening up a snail. The Romans, long, long ago, kept snails in special gardens and fattened them on meal and boiled wine, and ate them at their feasts. There are still snail gardens in many places on the Continent, but they are not fed on boiled wine now. In England, as late as James the First's time, they were made into a favorite dish with sauce and spices. The Italian peasants think large brown snails a great treat; and the gipsies in many places make dinners and suppers of the common little "shell-a-muddies." A larger kind are sold to be taken as a cure by people who are ill.

CHARACTER IN WALKING.—It is well to beware of the man who carries his left foot in toward his right in walking, giving the impression that his right foot turns out, and his left foot turns in. This man is a natural petty larcenist. He may, perhaps, have never stolen in his life, but that was because of fear or lack of opportunity, but all the same he is liable at any time to sequester unconsidered trifles for mere wantonness. He is of a kleptomaniac nature, but he is not nearly so dangerous as the man who deliberately lifts his leg up from the thigh as though he were going upstairs. The man is a natural and an educated villain. In England, where the treadmill is used in prisons, many convicts acquire that peculiar step; but it is the natural, careful, cat-like tread of the criminal. The girl who walks with a flat foot, planted squarely on the ground as though she wanted to grow there, may not be as attractive as the girl with the arched instep, but she is a good deal better natured. She is sure to be a good nurse, kind-hearted, sympathetic, and anxious to bear the burdens of others; while the girl with the arched foot is nearly sure to be selfish, and certain to be a coquette if she walks on her toes. The man of short, nervous step is always a business man of energy; but if the stride is from the knee only, he is cold and selfish, caring for no one but himself. The man whose stride is long, and, at the same time energetic, is generally bright, always erratic, often conceited, always careless, fond of admiration, and, while often a good fellow, generally unreliable. The diplomat and the financier have a smooth, and gliding walk, hard to describe but easy to recognize. Great statesmen and great philanthropists always have a loose shambling gait, which comes from thinking about others more than about themselves. The strut of the vain man, the teetering tip of the "dude," the lounging gait of the unemployed man, are all too familiar to call for a description. To say that a person walks like a lady or gentleman is high praise. The gait can never be picked up in after life; it must be born in a man or woman, and cultivated in early youth. It is lost to a man when he falls into bad ways; for, so surely as he loses his consciousness or rectitude and pride of honor, so surely will he pick up the gait of the loafer. An honest man, gentle or simple, never walks like a thief, and the thief can never counterfeit the gait of an honest man, but in attempting to apply these rules to men, one knows that it must be remembered that all thieves are not caught, and all suspected persons are not so bad.

SELF-POSSESSION is something apart from ability. It is more in one direction, and less in another. Many persons of great abilities are painfully lacking in self-possession, and others of very small powers are rarely at a loss. It comes rather through a fair degree of self-knowledge and a practical exercise of those abilities, great or small, which we do possess. Our own experience shows us this. Most of us are self-possessed in at least one direction, and that we shall find to be the case in which we have had the most constant practice and the best opportunities of testing ourselves. The mechanic or business man, or artist or philosopher, may be undecided, vacillating, constrained and ill at ease in general society, or in political circles, or in a hundred other situations; but in their respective employments, or in matters closely connected with them, they at once assume a calm and assured manner that tells of their regained self-possession.

LEARNING and life, that which is known in the world and that which is to be done in the world, stand ever against each other, and the perpetual problem is how they shall be brought together. Like two strong men who gaze into each other's eyes, and know that they ought to be standing hand in hand; like two great promontories which stand and watch each other, and feel the sea which runs between, and yet feel under the sea the sweep of the continuous earth which makes them one—so learning and life—that which is known upon the earth and that which is to be done upon the earth—stand gazing at each other, and knowing that, however they may be separated and kept apart, they belong to each other.

IT is rumored that the sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is taken such dimensions that the proprietors are unable to supply all orders. We advise our druggists to prepare themselves for all emergencies, as the people rely on them for this valuable remedy.

THINGS THAT DON'T CHANGE.

THERE are not a great many of them, unless we except such things as lie beyond the control of man.

The living world goes on in the same old way—the trees grow, and the birds fly, and the insects swarm, the bee builds its cell, and the hornet fashions his paper house, and the crocodile crawls in the mud, as they have always done.

But wherever man can interfere, he is sure to be on hand, with his tools and engines and dynamite, levelling hills and filling up valleys and cutting canals and bridging rivers, and in brief, changing the general appearance of things in the most miscellaneous manner.

It is, however, in his way of doing things that we see the greatest change—in the new tools that he uses, and the new machines that he invents, and the new processes that he devises.

The blacksmith is one vocation which is not likely to be encroached upon, and that is the shoeing of horses.

If any substitute for the present iron shoe should ever be introduced, and horses should be shod with gutta-percha and India-rubber, the work of the blacksmith might be ended, but not otherwise.

The shoes themselves he is no longer called upon to make, they are turned out by the cart-load from the great manufactories, but no machine could possibly adjust the shoe to the horses feet.

The potter's-wheel, spoken of in the Old Testament, is still in use, and vessels are moulded by hand, as they were in the days of the patriarchs.

The gold-beater continues to pound it out in the old way, the diamond-cutter grinds the precious stones by the same old process, the copper-plate press at the grocer's is worked by the same old tools, the horse-power has changed its place as it has been transferred to the feeder's or to the locality of the work, but it is only and exactly as ever, the locomotive-steam-engine and pasteboard-presses—perhaps somewhat more lavishly than formerly but with correspondingly frail results; the tinker solders the tin, the barber shaves his customers, the boot-black shines, the housekeeper makes up the bed, and washes and dusts and sweeps, all in the same old way, the patent carpet-sweeper proving a failure because it carried off the carpet with the dust. So there are a few things left thus far untouched by the ruthless progress of machinery.

There is an instrument which keeps its place among the things which are unchanged having long ago reached the point of perfection, beyond which it is, of course, impossible to go.

It is a fantastic looking thing, and it is strange that anybody should ever have thought of giving it just the shape that it has.

It is a small affair, but it is capable of being made to do wonderful feats.

The harpsichord of our great-grandmothers goes for nothing by the side of a modern pianoforte; the "flutes and soft-recorders" of ancient days could not compete with the elaborate and many-keyed instruments of our time; "David's solemn harp" would stand no comparison with a modern harp; the trumpets that brayed on Mount Zion, with their long, loud, monotonous note, would hardly be tolerated in the orchestra; the old organ, with its ponderous keys and wheezy pipes would be counted as a mere "box of whistles" in comparison with the grand and marvellous instruments which modern art has constructed; but through all these changes the violin holds its place of supremacy, unaltered and unimproved, and the old is counted better than the new.

With such a text to start from as "things that don't change," it is rather strange that one should be inclined to write about violins, and pottery, and horse-shoeing, and house-painting; it is by no means a poetical or sentimental view of the subject.

This may be; but when a man is well on in life he is not half so likely to moralise about the mutability of all human things as the romantic youth, who looks at affairs in the light of fancy, and not of experience.

You hear a great deal more from him about "blighted hopes," and "the flight of time," and "the ever-changing aspects of the world," than you do from one who has lived through it all and knows what it means.

The deepest feeling does not express itself in tropes and figures and fantastic forms of speech.

When I look around and see how things are changed, how one generation has passed away and another taken its place, how the habits and opinions of men have changed, how the old houses have vanished and pretentious structures risen in their place, I am rather inclined to sit down in silence and meditate than to gush forth in any rhetorical effusion.

Some things never change, and among them are the best gifts that a kind Providence has bestowed upon us. It is only the forms which are changeable.

A MAINE farmer had a wife who declared she would never be weighed. One day, when she was in the wagon, he drove his team on the hay scales in Auburn, and had the whole thing weighed, without his wife knowing what was going on. Then he afterwards came back and had the team weighed without his wife, and found it just 225 pounds lighter. So he had his way, and she had her weigh.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer restores to its former color the hair when turning gray, and renews its youth and beauty.

SO LONG!

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days? Why in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies;
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more!
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights and I shall be
Watching the stars climb up the sky,
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long," he said,
Uplifting his bright young head,
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and Winter, Summer and Spring;
O, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare,
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Ten times seven—seventy—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a Summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity?"

BY ONE'S OWN HAND.

AMONG the ancients suicide was very frequently resorted to, sometimes for the most trivial reasons, and was considered part of their code of religion and honor.

By the Romans, especially, it was regarded quite in the light of a national custom, and by their laws a man was justified in killing himself when worn out by lasting pain or lingering disease, or burdened with a load of debt, or even from sheer weariness of life. His will was valid, and, if intestate, his heirs succeeded him.

Among the illustrious individuals of former times who quitted this world voluntarily and prematurely, we find the names of Demosthenes, Antony and Cleopatra, Cato, Hannibal, Cassius and Brutus, and many others.

Suicide was looked upon as a cardinal virtue by the Stoics, whose founder, Zeno, hanged himself at the ripe old age of 98. The custom was also highly commended by Lucretius and the Epicureans.

The philosophers of old spoke of it as "a justifiable escape from the miseries of life;" and as "the greatest indulgence given to man," Diogenes even going so far as to declare that "the nearer to suicide the nearest to virtue."

The ideas of the ancients concerning this practice underwent a great change after the time of Constantine the Great, with the advancement of the Christian religion, which has always discouraged suicide, and regarded it as one of the degrees of murder.

During the middle ages, when religious sentiment was predominant, instances of self-destruction were few and far between, these few being caused mostly by the monotony of monastic life; but with the Renaissance was revived a modified form of Stoicism, with, of course, a return of suicide.

In More's "Utopia," the inhabitants of the happy republic, when, from sickness or old age, they are become a burden to themselves and all about them, are exhorted—but in no wise compelled—by their priests to deliver themselves voluntarily from their "prison and torture," or to allow others to effect their deliverance.

To the somewhat melancholy tendency of the Elizabethan period and the psychological studies of Shakspeare, succeeded a long period of calm; but towards the end of the eighteenth century began the era of modern suicidal melancholy. This differs essentially from the suicidal era of the ancients, being psychical rather than physical. Whereas theirs was born of sheer exhaustion and satiety, with want of belief in a future state of existence, that of the present day is the melancholy of a restless and unceasing analyzing soul, eternally brooding over the insoluble problems, "Whence?" and "Whither?" which disordered state not unfrequently leads to incapacity for action, and finally to inability to live.

In what may be designated, as compared with European countries, the topsy-turvy nations of China and Japan, suicide is quite an institution, and is apparently looked upon as a fine art; so much so, that in the latter country the sons of people of quality exercise themselves in their youth for five or six years, in order that they may kill themselves, in case of need, with grace and elegance.

If a functionary of the Japanese government has incurred disgrace, he is allowed to put an end to his own life, which spares him the ignominy of punishment at the hands of others, and secures the reversion of his place to his son.

All government officials are provided with a habit of ceremony, made of hempen cloth, necessary for such an occasion; the sight of this garment must serve, we should think, as a perpetual menace, and as a warning not to stray from the right path.

As soon as the order commanding suicide has been communicated to a culprit, he invites his friends to a feast, and takes formal leave of them; then, the order of the court having been read over to him, he makes his "last dying speech and confession," draws his sabre, and cuts himself across the body or rips himself up, when a confidential servant at once strikes off his head.

In China, also, the regulations for self-destruction are rigorously defined and carried out; a mandarin who can boast of the peacock's feather is graciously allowed to choke himself by swallowing gold-leaf; while one of less lofty rank, who is only able to sport a red button on his cap, is obliged to rest content with the permission to strangle himself with a silken cord.

In India, the voluntary self-immolation of widows on their deceased husbands' funeral pyre, was, until recently, a universal practice, and still takes place occasionally in secret, though very properly discouraged by the government.

In some parts of the Eastern Indies the natives vow suicide in return for boons solicited for their idols; and in fulfilment of this vow, fling themselves from lofty precipices, and are dashed to pieces. Or they will destroy themselves after having had a quarrel with any one, in order that their blood may lie at their adversary's door.

Suicide is but rarely met with in old people, and is also very uncommon in children, although instances are recorded of quite young children hanging or drowning themselves on being reproved or punished for some wrong-doing.

Grains of Gold.

The tongue's not steel, yet it cuts.

The worst wheel of a cart creaks most.

Trade knows neither friend nor kindred.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

A wise man sometimes changes his mind; a fool never.

How much of all this world's misery is self-procured!

Among all the virtues humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent.

He that speaks doth sow, he that holds his peace doth reap.

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.

Never apologize for a long letter; you only add to its length.

Stop talking over evils which beset thy path, and go to work to remove them.

He that speaks me fair and loves me not, I'll speak him fair, and trust him not.

In education, whatever appeals to the understanding, also strengthens the memory.

Egotism, vanity and selfishness spoil conversation far more than deficiency of talent.

Noisy merriment and laughter are no sure signs of happiness; true joy is commonly a quiet emotion.

To all intents and purposes he who will not open his eyes, is, for the present, as blind as he that cannot.

A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

To know the pains of power we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it.

Safety lies in not lingering to look at forbidden things. It is often the first step that ruins, and the curious look which leads to that.

Those who employ their time ill are generally the first to complain of its shortness; those, on the contrary, who make the best use of it, have plenty and to spare.

Femininities.

A woman's tears are silent orators.

Love is blind—especially if the girl is rich.

No woman dresses below herself from mere caprice.

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance, Miss it.

The girls complain that the times are so hard the young men can't pay their addresses.

Previous to 1760 the French would not eat potatoes, it being supposed that they would cause freckles.

A woman's reason for being an old maid: She had a mind to marry, but she could not marry to her mind.

In the number of years they have reigned, Queen Victoria stands ninth among the sovereigns of the world.

A Michigan couple were married one day, and divorced the next. She had bad luck with her first pie.

We cannot neglect ourselves without injuring others; we cannot neglect others without injuring ourselves.

A Western paper delivers this short lecture on woman: "Woman is superior to man where he is inferior to she."

"Yes," sighed Bessie, "before marriage Will professed to be willing to die for me, and now I declare he won't even get his life insured in my favor."

We think that it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of their fathers.

The ladies of Marie Antoinette's time made the sacrifice to their beauty of sleeping in a sitting posture, with their backs propped up with pillows.

A Southern editor expresses the opinion that all angels are blondes. This may be true, but it would be hazarding too much to say that all blondes are angels.

In order to start out in life with the new year, an ambitious couple in the West were married last New Year's night just as the clock tolled out the hour of 12.

Roller-skating is put in the same category with corsets by a "friend of humanity," who suggests that both should be prohibited by constitutional amendment.

Some one says women live longer than men. This is undoubtedly so. We know a young actress who was on the stage forty years ago, and she is only thirty now.

If at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, jealousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

A "sales-lady" wants a position in a retailing store. A "bar-gentleman" would like to find a place in a saloon. Men and women, as they were called in the Bible, seem to be going out of fashion at a rapid rate.

An eminent English professor advises girls not to marry tobacconalians and drinkers. This would have the effect of making a great many English spinsters unless the present race of men made a great improvement.

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began; the philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly that almost every one of them has left some saying or other which intimated that he knew too well the power of it.

A Western paper gives the following names as among those of young women from the far West attending a school there: Bessie Big Soldier, Edna Eagle Feather, Frankie Bear, Ella Man Chief, Maud Echo Hawk, Fannie Crow, Eunice Bear Shield, Maggie High Pipe, Lillie Spider.

A market woman at Peoria, Ill., avoids paying an election bet because she had read of the Shylock performances. She was to wheel a man around the public square, but declares that there was nothing in the bond about wheeling the clothes, and that he will have to go without them, or not at all.

"No, ma'am!" exclaimed the provoked young man to a young lady, who, on the refusal of her favorite, had asked him to accompany her to a party; "I don't play second fiddle to any one!" "No one asked you to play second fiddle," replied the girl, with a smile; "I only asked you to be my beau."

A widow in Japan who is willing to think of matrimony, wears her hair tied and twisted round a long shell hair-pin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Were that the custom in this country, writes a Chicago editor, we should throw down the pen and at once engage in the manufacture of long shell hair-pins.

A Baltimore lady, recently deceased, requested on her death-bed that eight of her lady friends should act as pall-bearers at her funeral, and that her casket should be trimmed with white satin, with gold fringe. Also, that the young ladies should wear white satin dresses with wreaths, and flowing veils, and that each carry a white lily. Her desires were complied with.

The perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic. She is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful. She has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas. She organizes neatness, and order, and comfort, but they are merely the foundation whereon rises the temple of her home, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

Forty years ago a man in Edmund county, Ga., sold his wife for a jug of whisky. Several days later he was presented with the wife of a man who had grown tired of her. The woman first mentioned was afterwards traded again for a bushel of corn. All hands then settled down in the same neighborhood, and have lived there ever since. Their descendants are among the most respected people of the county.

News Notes.

Ireland has but ten theatres.

Hard coal at Helena, Montana, is $23 a ton.

Beef gall is an infallible remedy for poison by snakebite.

England consumes annually five times as much tea as coffee.

The principal pawn shop in Mexico is run by the Government.

Tomatoes are being used by a Florida farmer to make vinegar.

Chewing gum is prescribed by a New York physician for dyspeptics.

Wood is worth $12 a cord in Tombstone, Arizona, and scarce at that price.

From 1830 to 1884 no less than 248 peers of the British realm were created.

Colored messenger boys are employed by the Western Union Company in Savannah.

Telegraphing rates to some points are now almost as cheap as postage was half a century ago.

In London 140 tons of chloride of lime are daily used for the deodorizing of the sewer outlets.

Charles Taylor, colored, was recently admitted to practice in the courts of the State of New York.

Slow-breeding mammals, such as horses, can increase from a single pair to 10,000,000 in forty years.

Four hundred dollars was paid recently by a citizen of Pittsfield, Mass., for an African gray parrot.

The city physicians of Atlanta, Ga., receive a salary of 50 cents a day and furnish their own medicine.

In a brief wrestle with one of his cows, a Connecticut farmer lost one of his eyes and had his jaw broken.

King Theebaw has given up drinking, and now proposes to imprison and flog every drunkard in his realm.

The average cost of feeding paupers in New York city is 13 cents a day. In Scotland, the thrifty, it is 17 cents.

The town council of Vienna have ordered an inquiry into the reason why the bakers buy wheat cheap, and sell bread dear.

A speculative Yankee has rented sixteen halls in Washington, in which he will put up 5,000 cots for inauguration week.

Lynn and Haverhill, Mass., together made nearly shoes enough in last year to shoe half the population of the United States.

Boston street flower-sellers dodge the city license by standing on a small corner that is owned by the U. S. Government.

A machine for moistening postage-stamps is the latest. It has a sale only where people are one part industry to three parts laziness.

A 79-year-old citizen of Morrisville, Vt., who had lost a second wife a few months ago, dropped dead recently while about to marry another.

A photograph taken in North Solon, O., contains the pictures of a mother and her nine sons, the youngest of the latter being over forty years of age.

Jersey City boasts of a 73-year-old policeman who is still spry and able to catch a burglar, as was shown a few days ago when he lodged one in jail after a chase.

The army of Italy comprises 3,250,000 men. Of these 935,000 belong to the regular army, 250,000 to the movable militia, and 2,065,000 to the territorial militia.

An advertisement of a brand of bitters, gotten up after the style of a $10 note, was passed on a Chicago Chinaman recently for a National Treasury bill of that value.

More than 11,000 children over fourteen years of age who can neither read nor write were employed in Massachusetts last year, according to the State police report.

Sewing machines are now made that will sew the worsted binding upon the wooden frames of school slates, the cloth being put on to the frames in order to prevent noise.

Two lads, aged respectively five and seven years of age, arrived, by the Oregon, at Castle Garden the other day, duly labeled and consigned to their father, in Connecticut.

A family has been discovered in Pittsfield, Mass., living on potato peelings. Five children were in bed eating this "nutritious food," and their sleeping room was very cold.

Athletes, professional trainers, hunters, mountaineers, all physically strong and perfect men, habitually breathe through the nostrils. This is claimed to be the reason for their freedom from colds.

A couple of colored families in Atlanta, Ga., recently ornamented the graves of their dead children with bottles containing what remained of the medicines prescribed by the attending physicians.

In the matter of speed the bicycle ranks seventh—the balloon, the locomotive and trotting, pacing and running horses having faster records. It ranks seventh, because a lie will travel faster than any of them.

When a house is to be let in Mexico the owner sticks an old newspaper in the window. It isn't very tasteful, and seldom improves the appearance of the house, but it is economical, and is understood by the community.

Teamsters "pretty much all over civilization" turn either to the right or left when meeting each other from opposite directions, but in the Southern States, it is said, there is no such settled custom, and a lively agitation for the adoption of the practice of turning to the right, is going on.

An Old Bird.

BY J. C. MITCHELL.

IN the streets near Leicester Square there are many such shops as Mr. Birch's. To the unaccustomed eye, and contrasted with the neat and tasteful arrangements of West-end shops, all is chaos here—bed-chairs, and sofas, tables, dim-looking pictures, and cracked china vases are heaped together in gloomy confusion. The things—many of them look worthless—one wonders where the people exist who would buy them, and how Mr. Birch contrives to live. Look at that dirty stuffed parrot now! Once, perchance, it was clean and protected by a glass case—now it rests on a broken stand, leaning helplessly against the foot of a mahogany towel-horse, which piece of furniture has the dismal appearance of having discovered that "all is vanity."

Mr. Birch himself—a small, withered-looking man, who might well be supposed to have been accustomed never to see the fresh "first" of anything—advanced to the opening his goods allowed him, and stood at the door one drizzly November morning. He watched the busy and anxious passengers with a dry, impassible gaze, until one paused and looked into his shop. This looker-in was an unmistakable Jew; and Mr. Birch had one strong feeling—namely aversion to Jews.

"How much ish that old bird?" inquired the possible customer.

The dealer turned slowly around to look at the aged parrot; then replied—"Two dollars."

"Two dollars!" cried the Jew incredulously. "You must mean a quarter!"

"I mean what I say—but you've no call to buy it," and Mr. Birch put his hands in his pockets, and stared across the road.

The Jew shook his head and passed on.

Presently there came by a young carpenter with a bright and genial face. The foggy air seemed clearer for his lively whistling, and Mr. Birch almost returned the smile with which this young man nodded, "Good morning," as was his daily custom.

For three days the Jew came and looked in at the old parrot. In spite of the chilling character of his reception, each day he offered a trifle for the bird, and the third day raised his bid to forty cents.

No persuasions would move Mr. Birch, and when the Jew went away, as usual there came by the young carpenter, just as the dealer had lifted the parrot down from its leaning place.

"That's a queer bird!" said Joe, stopping at the door. "It's not showy, governor!"

"No, but you shall have it cheap, if you want it."

Now, Joe was going to be married, and was fitting up two little rooms for his marital residence. He thought perhaps, he could make a neat case for the bird, and ornament the top of a cupboard with it.

"You shall have it for a dollar; I want to sell it to spite a Jew that's haggling for it. I can't abide a Jew!"

So Joe paid his money, rolled his purchase in a red pocket-handkerchief and went his way.

Next day the Jew came again, and peered for the bird.

"I've come to offer you your price, Mr. Birch; you can't say no to that."

"The bird's sold," calmly replied the dealer.

"Sold! and who has bought him!" exclaimed the other, with disappointed agitation.

"A young carpenter," said the dealer.

"Could you tell me where he lives?"

"I don't know. He passes this way from his work, that's all I can say," and Mr. Birch turned on his heel and left the Jew to ruminate at his door. Just then Joe came whistling by, and his bag of tools betrayed his calling. The Jew followed him down to the corner of the street, and then spoke.

"I beg pardon—but did you buy an old stuffed bird yesterday?"

"Yes," said Joe, surprised.

"It is a very shabby bird—but I had a fancy for it. Would you sell it again, and make a little by it?"

"I don't know as I would, and I'm not sure as I wouldn't. I won't decide to-day."

"Well, I will ask you to-morrow—think it over," said the Jew. Joe nodded and went on to his dinner. That evening he determined to examine the old parrot, for he felt sure some reason must exist for the Jew's anxiety about the purchase. Accordingly he took the red handkerchief out of the cupboard, and untied it, placing the bird on a table before him. Dim with dirt, it had a poor appearance. Joe found a brush and set to work scattering dust from the shabby feathers. Then a duster rubbed up the eyes and legs. Presently a wonderful sparkle from the tips of the claws flashed on Joe's wondering sight. With a low whistle and a puzzled look, the young carpenter slowly began to roll up the bird in the red handkerchief.

"I'll take it to Patty."

Of course Patty was the intended wife of Joe Smith. She met him with appropriate smiles and blushes at the door of her father's little workshop, the father being a working jeweller.

"Patty," said Joe, after the usual tokens of civilized love-making had passed between them; "I've got something in this bundle that puzzles me."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Patty, and her bright eyes looked so eagerly at him that he forthwith followed her into the little parlor, and untied the handkerchief.

"Is it alive?" cried Patty, shrinking with pretty fear behind her lover, as she caught sight of the tail feathers.

"No, no," said Joe, laughing; "been dead a hundred years or more."

This announcement aroused a feeling of temporary security in Patty, and she approached to examine the parrot.

"What a queer old thing! Why it's only a parrot, Joe, just like Aunt Mary's, only dirtier!"

Patty felt and showed a little contempt that such a trifle should puzzle her Joe. He, however, had not played his cards yet, and, manlike, enjoyed the idea of crushing her with them.

He slowly lifted the bird close to the lamp and said—

"Has Aunt Mary's parrot got claws like those?"

Patty darted back, her cheek paling.

"Joe," she said, in a trembling whisper, "let's take it to father."

The bird was solemnly enveloped once more, and Joe followed Patty into the presence of an old, white-bearded man who wore glasses that shone in the light of the lamp by which he was working.

"Father!" cried Patty, in an excited low voice, "put by your work a minute. Joe, show him the bird."

Off came the red handkerchief, as Mr. Bond indulgently withdrew his glasses, and down went the parrot in front of him.

"A stuffed parrot!" said the old man, quietly. "Going to make an ornament for Patty with him?"

"Look at his claws—put on your glasses!" cried Patty. Wonderingly her father obeyed—and a faint tinge rose in his withered cheek.

"Diamonds!" he whispered, in an awe-struck voice.

"The eyes are queer," pursued Joe, in a tone of concentrated excitement.

A breathless pause while the old jeweller rubbed at the eyes with a leather.

"Rubies—splendid rubies!" cried Mr. Bond exultantly.

Patty and Joe looked at each other, and both faces were very pale. The jeweller continued to examine the precious stones, and at length said—

"How came you by this, Joe?"

"Bought it for a dollar at a second-hand shop, full of rubbish. Mr. Birch's, you know. He offered it to me for that to spite a Jew that was after it."

"Ha! a Jew wanted it! He knew its worth! Why didn't he secure it?"

"Because he wouldn't pay two dollars for it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man, softly; "he lost a bargain here."

"And he found that out somehow," said Joe; "for he stopped me in the street to see if I'd sell it again for a trifle over what I gave."

Again Mr. Bond laughed gleefully; and then he sobered down.

"Children," he said, "Providence has put a rare chance in your way."

"Providence isn't chance, father," softly corrected Patty.

"No, no more it is. Well, these jewels are worth, I should say, five thousand dollars at the very least! That'll start you fair!"

There was a minute's silence. Then Joe put his arm round Patty, and whispered—

"We can go and take a little farm, now, Patty. You know that has been the ambition of my life."

Patty smiled—and then her face grew troubled.

"Poor father!" she whispered; "he's only got me! I couldn't leave him here, Joe."

"He shall come, too!" cried Joe; "and leave off his blinding work, and enjoy his old age amongst the fields and trees—he hasn't seen many days of them in his youth."

So it was agreed. The stones realized rather more than five thousand; the Jew was peremptorily told that Joe would not sell again, though he made him the handsome offer of five dollars; and the wedding took place at Christmas.

The old bird was popularly supposed to have been the pet, while living, of some Indian Prince; and after being stuffed and enriched with jewelry, to have found its way to the old shop, through many adventures, which so disfigured it as to hide its value.

Joe and Patty had the bird "done up" again, and their children feel an admiring awe of the parrot that was the unconscious author of their prosperity.

ABSENT-MINDED.—Prominent amongst the members of the Irish Bar, at the beginning of the present century, was Peter Burrowes. Although successful in his profession, he seems to have been subject to absence of mind in an unusual degree. A brother barrister, who went to call upon him early one morning, found Burrowes watching over a saucepan in which his watch was boiling away merrily, whilst his eyes were anxiously directed to an egg in his left hand. On another occasion he was counsel for the prosecution at an important trial for murder. Burrowes had a severe cold, and opened his speech with a box of lozenges in one hand, and the small pistol-bullet by which the man had met his death in the other. Between the pauses of his address he kept supplying himself with a lozenge. But at last, in the very midst of a sentence he stopped. His bosom heaved, and in an agonized voice he shouted: "Oh-h-h gentlemen, gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet!"

THE only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.

ABOUT MENDING.

ONCE, when I was some younger than I am now, I had a dream about mending that seemed very like reality, and proved of use to me, as a recital of it may to others.

I thought I was quite sorrowful because I had no work to do; that in a very large building at the top of a hill many workmen and workwomen were employed. The rumor had, however, gone abroad that all the departments were full—no more would be engaged. When I wished to go up to try and secure a situation, all my friends and relatives endeavored to discourage the undertaking by repeating what they had heard from those who had been refused places.

"Never mind what has happened to others," I replied, "they can but refuse me; and even a positive refusal is safer than a vain hope."

I climbed the hill, and entered the building. Every one seemed busy—every department full. Two fine-looking, gray-haired men appeared to have general charge of things. One was a tall, large man, the other short and spare; they were, I was told, father and son.

To the younger, who was near where I had entered, I said:

"Do you need any more help?"

"What kind of work do you expect to do?" he inquired.

"Anything I can," I briefly replied.

"Are you willing to mend?" said he.

"I am willing to try," I said; "for I have already had a good deal of experience in that line."

He offered me a chair, and brought out a large basket full of various articles of apparel. Here and there a stitch was dropped, or a seam unfinished.

I set bravely to work, and was astonished to find, as I completed and folded piece after piece, some of the most beautiful and elegant things.

Towards evening I became aware of some presence near, and, looking up, saw the elder of the two gentlemen I had noticed in the morning examining the work I had done.

"This suits me," he said.

"Shall I come again to-morrow?" I inquired.

"If you are willing to mend," he replied, "you may find regular work here as long as you like. We have a great many applications for work, but so few are willing to mend, that it is extremely difficult to get anyone to properly attend to that department; yet it is a work that some one must do, and the entire and proper finishing of anything is quite as important a matter as its general formation, construction, or manufacture."

I am convinced that people in general will find the essential point of my dream a fact. So many wait, watch, labor and pray for some especial mission to present itself for them to work out, that they never have thought or time to devote to the more important but unfinished work that some one else has passed by in the hurry and worry of life, and which, with a little mending, would be not only useful, but beautiful.

There are the neglected, the starving, the discouraged, the almost heart-broken, the reckless, the dissipated, at our very doors, it may be. Do we need to wait for a ship to bear us to heathen lands, or for some work that we may esteem entirely our own? Not so.

Every stroke of work we do is individually ours, and it matters not so much when and where it is done, as does the spirit in which it is accomplished.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

SUNLIGHT.—Sunlight is very beneficial to the sick. Sick persons should always be placed in rooms where an abundance of sunlight can be admitted. Oftentimes the presence of sunlight will turn the scale in favor of recovery, while its absence would turn it the other way. A lady in Paris, who had been treated by many physicians and various drugs, finally applied to a celebrated physician. Being unable to suggest any drug treatment which she had not already tried in vain, he contented himself with directing that she should be removed from the dark and dismal rooms in which she had been living to a brighter part of the city, and exposed as much as possible to sunlight. The result was that she rapidly improved, and ultimately completely recovered. In epidemics it is found that more cases of the disease, and more fatal cases, occur on the north or shady side of the street than in houses located on the sunny side of the street. Sunlight is essential to health, and should have the freest and most abundant entrance into our houses.

THERE are no shops in any Abyssinian town. All the trade is done within the trader's home or compounded over a glass of tedge or mattic. Flour is ground by the women of the house; on the premises bread is made; tedge and mead are brewed in each household. Each house rears its own cattle as well as children—baby, goats and lambs, fowls and chickens, are brought up together, and are playmates from their youth.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 100 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations, that no disease or ill-health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use,

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail.

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

THIRTY-SEVENTH

ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE CO.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1884		$9,406,379 49
Receipts during the year:		
For Premiums	$1,647,215 98	
For Interest, etc.	497,958 03	2,143,174 01
		$10,551,553 50
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death	$497,666 19	
Matured Endowments	41,523 00	
Surrendered Policies	135,138 87	
Cash and Note Dividends	363,192 55	
Re-Insurance	4,902 45	
Total paid Policy-holders	$1,042,423 01	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	$64,088 80	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	88,189 21	
Commissions to Agents, Rents, etc.	130,968 54	
Agency and other expenses	80,352 92	
Advertising, Printing Supplies	17,838 55	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, etc.	3,475 46	$1,427,223 99
Net Assets, January 1, 1885		$9,124,329 14
ASSETS.		
City Loans, Railroad, and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks		$4,580,821 75
Mortgages and Ground Rents		2,185,033 17
Premium Notes Secured by Policies, etc.		871,818 26
Loans on Collaterals, etc.		508,050 01
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans		880,837 89
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand		218,949 28
Net Ledger Assets as above		$9,124,329 14
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums		$164,560 73
Interest due and accrued, etc.		45,101 12
Market Value of Stocks, Bonds, etc., and Real Estate over cost		319,892 35
Gross Assets, Jan. 1, 1885		$9,653,884 34
LIABILITIES.		
Losses reported, but not due	$128,831 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	8,054,248 00	
Surplus on Life Rate Endowments and Unreported Policies, etc.	170,302 86	
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,305,212 34	
		$9,653,884 34
Surplus at 4 1-2 per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (Estimated.)		$1,522,360 34

SAMUEL G. HUEY, President.
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President.
H. S. STEPHENS, Second Vice-President.
HENRY C. BROWN, Secretary.
JESSE J. BARKER, Actuary.

New Publications.

"Mam'zelle Eugenie," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is one of the most charming love stories ever written by its gifted and popular author, Henry Greville. It is exceptionally bright and sparkling and refreshing. The plot is laid in Russia, which Henry Greville has made famous by scores of delightful novels, and where that great writer is most at home. The plot is powerful, original and superbly worked out. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine for February has the following contents: Jealousy; The Sled-Road, illustrated; A Little Love; Chaucer, illustrated; Five O'clock Tea, illustrated; Going Round With the Plate, illustrated, Distant Suns, illustrated; Winter Twilight; Legends of Abraham; How the Change Came, illustrated; Three New Years, by L. R. H.; Three Wise Women of Gotham; Lay Sermons; Mothers' Department; Boys' and Girls' Treasury; The Home Circle; Character Sketches; Housekeepers' Department; Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework; Fashion Department; and Notes and Comments. T. S. Arthur & Son, Publishers. Phila., Pa.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February is strong in its fiction. There are few more attractive serials in any magazine than Sweet Christabel, by Arabella M. Hopkinson. There is a large instalment of this and of A Diamond in the Rough, by Alice O'Hanlon. Then there are shorter stories for those who like to take their fiction at one mouthful. The hero worshipper will find much to his taste in the fac-similes from Our Autograph Book, and the practical minded will find much valuable information on The Secret of Making Clear Soups. Brother Jonathan's Womankind, will please the so-called New York Butterfly. The Family Doctor, gives much good advice. In A Historic Corner of a Historic Town, Stormy Stratford, is described by W. J. Lacey. How we Live in Regent's Inn, gives the American an insight into a kind of life entirely unknown on the other side of the water. The chat on dress from the Paris correspondent of the Family Magazine gives the woman reader many timely hints as to how she may best array herself. The illustrations of this number, from the handsome frontispiece to the mechanical drawings in The Gatherer are all excellent. We must not forget to mention the Model Reading Club which takes up Longfellow for discussion this month. Cassell's Family Magazine caters to a great variety of tastes, hence its success. Cassell & Co., New York, $1.50 a year.

The Magazine of Art for February is certainly a superb number. In both illustration and letter press it is particularly rich. The opening paper "our Artists' Homes describes the house and studio of W. Pettie at Hemstead. A paper appropriately called In Character gives W. E. Henly, the editor of the magazine, an opportunity to pay some well-deserved compliments. Pompeii in Black and White is written of by Jane E. Harrison, while Miss F. Mabel Robinson writes of The Romance of Art, telling the story of the famous Cathach, or Book of the Battle, owned by Sir Neal O'Donnell, to whose family it has belonged since the sixth century. The tinted page of poetry and picture this month is In Arcady, by Comyns Monkhouse, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall. Miss Madeline A. Wallace-Dunlop, a painter of Philadelphia, writes most interestingly upon the subject of Oriental Brass Work. The longest poem of the number is by Mr. William Archer and is entitled The Marvelous Madonna. Mr. Yeend King describes A Round in France. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson has a biographical and critical sketch of Mr. Elihu Vedder, whose illustrations of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam have added so much to his reputation. A portrait of Mr. Vedder accompanies the sketch. Cassell & Co., Limited, New York, $3.50 a year.

Lippincott's Magazine for February opens with the second instalment of the amusing international story On this Side, introducing Sir Robert Heathcote and his party on their arrival in New York and while gaining their first impressions of American manners and customs. Under the title of Steerage to Liverpool, and Return, Thomas Wharton gives a graphic account of his experience on board the Oregon and the Alaska. In an article on The Representation of the People in Parliament, Prof. D. B. King sketches the successive steps in the history of this subject. The Prussian Civil Service is described by Alfred C. Lee. Miss Brewster has an entertaining article on old Paris and its associations, and two very agreeable papers on Cats and Poets, and Æsthetic Children, with some excellent short stories, poems, and sketches, help to diversify the contents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price 25 cents per number.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street, opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $2 Carriage Hire. If on route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A SETTLEMENT.

"Then your father he is wealthy"—
Quoth the courtier to the maid—
"He's a treasurer as healthy
As a mine with diamonds laid."
"And if I should wait upon thee
To the altar, I opine,
That he'd settle something on me
In the monetary line?"

"As to 'monetary,' sirrah,"
She responded, "I'm inclined
To imagine that a mirror
Which your own conceit has lined;
But he'd settle on you surely,
And he'll settle it so quick
That you'll think you've lit securely
'Neath a load of building brick."

—U. N. Nonz.

Humorous.

Merchants, as a rule, do not object to be slaves to custom.

An ordinary train of passenger coaches is said to be worth $63,000. This does not include the porter of the sleeping-car.

Lady to hackman—"How much do you say I have to pay?" "One dollar." "What's your number?" "Fifty cents, you mean, stingy old fraud."

"Queer country this," said an Englishman. "Why, notwithstanding you call this the winter season, I saw a dude drop on the sidewalk yesterday."

"Always go to bed on a cracker or a crust of bread," says a hygienic writer. No, thank you. We have slept on crackers, and we know just how they feel.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

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Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
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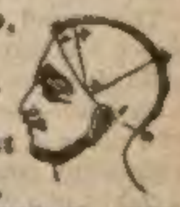

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

DAME FASHION has fixed upon wool as the substance she just now delights in, therefore there is a furore for cloth winter gowns with their trimmings of feathers or fur. In addition to these, we have braids, lace, beads, and embroideries, divers and new, and all are employed in a lavish degree on the toilettes for home and street wear. We feel it is useless to try and convey an idea of the industry shown, of the hours of labor bestowed on the work which we use and accept as *la mode*. Our readers must look on the infinite choice, and, so doing, judge for themselves.

Cloth costumes, with borders of velvet applique, outlined with gold and button-hole work of chenille, are exceedingly stylish when made up with skirts of plain, self-colored velvet or plush. The union of colors is very effective—brown on green, red on brown, and such like, agreeing well with the russet-hued tones of the leaves that are falling around. A design in brown velvet on dull willow-green may be named as a pleasing example. The border was cut out in rather sharp curves, and worked with fine threads of chenille. Just above was a pattern of long heart-shaped pieces of velvet, surmounted by delicate scroll-work, all outlined and veined with dead gold. The tunic was slightly draped about the hips, and fell, gracefully folded, behind.

The round skirt was of brown velvet, which was introduced also on the collar and cuffs of the bodice of green cloth, trimmed with embroidery of a narrower width. A new make of wood-brown gros-grain, with a diamond pattern of velvet, was used as the skirt of a walking costume with a tunic of softest cashmere. The round skirt was notched at the edge, as a border of diamond "points," and below was a kilting of brown gros-grain; the tunic was cleverly managed, and looped at the back with great taste; the jacket-shaped bodice was made of cashmere, with a waist-coat of figured gros-grain.

Warm yet not heavy rough cloths are quite the most fashionable wear, and here we saw many new varieties in plain colors, mixed with bright wools. The Bison cloth—brown, with red threads—makes a capital winter costume, the tunic draped high, and the back breadths in folds, on the perfectly plain short, round skirt. The bodice has a long Louis XV. waistcoat of velvet, with a tiny pattern of crimson and pink silk, and small turned-back cuffs to correspond. Should a more dressy style be required, the skirt could be of the figured velvet cut in long tabs at the edge, and Bison cloth plaited below. A novel costume was of loose "blanket" cloth, which was worn with a skirt of blue plush. The cloth was of a dull blue shade, and much trimmed with colored yak lace, while the plush was again used as collar and cuffs on the close-fitting bodice of cloth. We noticed this in all the popular colors, the greens and browns being especially good. Some charming dresses are of soft Bengaline with velvet stripe, and of shot silk with small velvet flowers. These are for afternoon wear when "at home" or on visiting bent. The striped Bengaline is employed for the skirt, which is either in folds or quite plain, and cashmere is used for the tunic and bodice; the latter has a loose waistcoat of velvet-striped silk, and fan-shaped plaits of the same spread out from the point of the basque; cords and tassels of silk and velvet loop up the well-arranged tunic; this usually crosses the skirt to one side, and is lifted quite high on the hips.

The simplest draperies are quite as fashionable as those which are elaborate, puffed, involved, and altogether very difficult for amateur dressmakers to carry out. The tablier, or front part of the tunic, may be either long or short, pointed or rounded, with the deepest part at the side or in front, and with the draping equal on both sides, or higher on one side than on the other. This is all very simple and straightforward, but back draperies are more varied in style and more difficult to arrange in a graceful fashion. Fortunately for those who have struggled in vain to master the art of arranging a puffed drapery in a satisfactory manner, those which fall in straight pleats from a little below the waist are exceedingly fashionable, and most easy of execution.

For instance, a dress of grey material with the skirt tucked and ornamented with bands of grenat velvet, has a short rounded tablier edged with velvet, and a plain pleated drapery falling from the point of the corsage at the back. This drapery is arranged in rather narrow flat pleats closely folded over each other at the top, and spreading out at the edge of the skirt; on each side, under the edge of the pleating, is a wide band of velvet meeting above the pleats at the top in a point. This band of velvet on each side has the appearance of being a velvet foundation, with the waterfall of grey pleats down the centre.

Another simple arrangement is made with a long breadth of material; the two ends are closely pleated up in flat pleats and joined together, the material between them falling in loose folds. The group of pleats is sewn on to the point of the corsage on the wrong side, so that when turned over to fall on the skirt, the drapery forms a well puffed succession of graceful folds.

A large square of double width material may be gathered or pleated up on two sides to form the top of a drapery, the other two sides falling with a point in the centre, which can be left sharp, or cut in a rounded form.

When, through miscalculation or any other mischance, there is not sufficient material left for a pleated or puffed back drapery, this can be replaced by a very wide sash with long loops and rather long ends of plain or pekin velvet matching the material or the trimming, if this is of velvet, or of the dress material covered with lengthways stripes of fancy braid, or of ribbon velvet. This is a capital finish to a dress trimmed with ribbon velvet or braid.

Polonaises for walking dresses are made in a very pretty style; the back is in the princess form, arranged in three large double box-pleats below the waist, and the corsage in front is finished off with small paniers, which are darned at the back over the two outer pleats, leaving only the centre pleat free from the waist. The box-pleats descend to the edge of the skirt, but at the sides and front nearly the whole length of a plain velvet skirt is seen, crenolated over a pleating of the polonaise. The polonaise is usually of plain woollen material or faille. It is very effective in grey cloth with a grey velvet skirt. A large velvet collar and velvet parements are an improvement. The front closes diagonally from the shoulder to the waist.

Woollen brochés are used for plain skirts edged with marabout or astrakan. In some cases the skirt is open up the sides, edged with marabout, and filled in with a panel of the plain material; the whole skirt is edged with a pleating of plain material. A small drapery and a puff of the plain material at the back complete the skirt. The jacket bodice is open from the neck over a waistcoat of the brocké.

There is a rumor that skirts are to be made without seams. The idea seems to present no advantages, and it certainly presents perplexities. How is it to be done? Is the shaped skirt to be woven thus? If this is the case, the variation of skirts will be much restricted.

The casaque, open over a waistcoat, will be the prevailing winter style of corsage; indeed, all bodices will be made with waistcoats or plastrons, for morning, afternoon, or evening wear. The form as well as the tissue will naturally vary according to the purport of the dress. The waistcoats of evening dresses promise to be very gorgeous, and many have been copied from the portraits of court ladies in the reign of Louis XV. They are cut low in the neck and are of satin, richly embroidered with chenille and gold, or with velvet applications worked in gold.

For morning wear, waistcoats are high and less dressy; morning costumes are gradually becoming more and more simple and unpretentious, more and more shorn of trimmings. The usual style is a pleated skirt, a simply draped tablier and pleated drapery at the back, and an open casaque and waistcoat to match. Fortunately the full scarves draped round the hips, which made the figure look so voluminous, are disappearing.

The flounce arranged in "organ pipe" pleats is much seen as an edging to plain skirts; but the pleats are difficult to arrange successfully. One of the prettiest variety of pleated skirt is that with double box pleats scalloped out at the edge, to show a lining of some vivid color. If the pleats are of large size, they can be embroidered or braided, to look like panels separated by plain pleats.

Fireside Chat.

BRIGHTENING UP THE WALLS.

THE love of art is on the increase, and it is true that more and more pleasure in pictures is within the reach of all. If the window-garden is possible, so is the wall-garden. As taste develops, it is not true that good art is confined to the possessor of the full purse and the special gallery. Little etchings, clever pieces of water-color drawing, and such like, may be, what is familiarly called, picked up by those whose eye has become educated enough to dislike the "yellowy-greeney" or chromo-lithograph productions. What we want is that the nation should not be afraid, or ashamed to show its delight in a world which was made to supply the needs of the imagination, as well as the needs of eating, drinking, clothing, and sleeping.

Why should not the humblest home be made the happiest home? The simplest and cheapest wall papers may be enhanced with the charms of true color and pretty design; and the walls themselves may give a sense of repose in the quite landscape, and a touch of crispness and coolness to the feeling through a breezy bit of sea. Art galleries are excellent things, but people have to go to them; the majority of people spend by far the largest amount of their time within the home walls, and these can easily be made attractive.

Since people have pleasant rooms, why don't they live in them? Why relegate the first floor little parlor to photograph books and bits of china, and the stuffy atmosphere of an uninhabited parlor desert? Why live mainly in the little under-region, where all you can see is the boots of the passers-by? What a reformation would come if that front room was made a good, homely, housewifely living room, with a large blue-tiled kitchen range, for good cooking; with the brass pans glistening on the mantel; with the cosy old wooden chair, uniting strength and comfort, inviting you loudly to sit down and rest, taking the place of those that groan with a "croak" when you sit on them! What a home chamber it would be, cosy, usable, warm, with a few rural scenes on the wall, and some books full of intellectual freshness and cheery table-talkiam on a reachable shelf!

How many houses one goes into that are not homes at all. Is it the building that makes you feel gloomy? I admit that we feel a native growth of architecture suited to an American climate and habits—instead of being mere copyists, and having a Renaissance from time to time of some Queen Anne sort of style; but take us as we are, and often one house out of a hundred, all in the same style of building may teach you what can be done to give tone and color, comfort and taste, to the home. How often the "caller" inwardly curses his waiting fate while the friend is doing his fixings; and there is no readable volume near at hand, and no light, cheery etchings on the walls.

Moreover, be it remembered, we carry "home" with us when we take our walks abroad; just as we remember a face, so do we remember a place; but as we turn towards our domicile in the evening, its very walls have a welcome as glorious.

He is one of the best friends of humanity who improves the "home." Sanitary conditions are being more and more attended to, and in time to come we may hope that as tendencies filter down through the varied classes of society, so "the home" may absorb more of the money that goes to those light places of amusement which only make the home, in its dreariness of tone and color, more dreary still to the workman.

Love of home, and attention to its little charms and pleasures, its cleanliness and comfort, may be seen specially amongst the Dutch; and whilst some people laugh at the ever-present brush and pail, it is assuredly no matter of amusement to live in the absence of these producers of clean pavements and man-of-war's-man white boards. And certainly the beginning here is everything, for such interest and delight in the home tend to increase continually, and men learn even to deny themselves, that home, the little centre of the common household joy, may be a cheery, pleasant place.

I have often heard it said, you must first provide plenty of work and plenty of bread for men—are there not in the main plenty of these? Is it not often difficult to get your work done? And it is said, man must have amusement. Perfectly true. But if in leisure half-hours our people were engaged in giving little touches to window and wall, which would bring "the harvest of a pleasant eye" all the week, would not that be good? But I am speaking now of the ordinary home, not merely of the workman's home, and I trust the younger artists of the day will find during their pupil years a demand for the fairly good pictures of their able toil, and that a style of home may commence in which Art and Use may kiss each other.

And we may get back the old parlor, with its broad fireplace and its domestic comforts instead of knick-knacking and inutility of the little "drawing-room," and put upon the walls something to please the eye, and open up vistas of sea and shore, mountain and wave, cottage and church, on the walls.

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one, at least, is the fairest face in all the world; that the heart which to her is the greatest and noblest holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth. M. S.

Correspondence.

R. B.—Sophie means "a wise woman," Aurora "the morn," Isabel "fair Elisa," Ethel "noble."

LISA.—The opera of *William Tell* was the last written by Rossini, and is generally held to be his masterpiece.

O. K. M.—All liberties of the kind referred to should be rebuked in such a way as to leave a lasting impression upon the mind of the person offering them.

A. F.—Dude is pronounced as a word of one syllable, with the u long as in tube. The word has been so much used and abused that sensible people are ceasing to pronounce it at all.

BERT.—1. Ebenezer is a Hebrew name, meaning "the stone of help." It was the name of a field; so called from the stone set up by Samuel to commemorate the defeat of the Philistines.

LIZA F.—Vienna is the capital of Austria, but there is a town named Vienne in France, and several small townships in the United States called Vienna. The German name of the Austrian capital is Wien.

T. R.—Judicious exercise with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, horizontal and parallel bars, will tend to develop the muscles, and thus strengthen the system. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, etc., are also to be recommended.

T. W. C.—If any persons but your relatives, or your most intimate friends, have the impertinence to offer advice about anything so serious as your marriage, you are fully justified in letting them know, sharply and decidedly, how very uncalled for is their interference.

HUGHINA.—French should always if possible be learnt under a French-speaking tutor. However, you can, without an instructor, learn to read and write the language from books, and if you have been in a French school you ought not to go far wrong in the pronunciation.

C. C. R.—"The Children of the Abbey" was written by Miss Regina Maria Roche, who died in 1845. Miss Roche, Mrs. Kelly (afterward Hedgeland), and Mrs. Radcliffe were the rival female novelists of the latter part of the 18th and the commencement of the 19th century.

BERT.—It is very doubtful whether a gentleman personally invited to a party would succeed in finding a lady who would accompany him if she had not been included in the invitation, as her pride would forbid taking such a step. In such cases, all persons should be guided by the maxim, "Go not thither where you know not whether you will be welcome."

JUVENIS.—Your juvenile appearance is no doubt, as you say, somewhat against you; but, if a misfortune, it is at any rate one which time will remedy. Meanwhile, try to act in such a way that people will think more of your good sense and manliness than of your years. They will then soon cease to treat you with the "indifference and contempt" of which you complain.

SIMPUL.—We are glad to hear from you that the case is not so hopeless as we thought, and trust all may yet come right. Meanwhile, be warned by your past experience, and do not again place too much confidence in untried friends. We should advise you now, as your wiser course, to let the matter quietly drop, as more harm than good would probably result from a prosecution.

EDWARD F.—There is nothing in the young lady's letter to discourage an enterprising wooer. Do not hesitate, but commence at once. Be generous and attentive. Invite her to accompany you to places of amusement. Present her with confectionery, toilet articles, and flowers. Show her that you love her, and do not forget to tell her so, when you urge her to marry you.

S. ST. CLAIR.—We do not think that six hours' sleep is sufficient for you. You, like many more, seem to forget that the greater the strain on the system the more necessary it is to increase the hours of sleep; "sleeping much longer than usual on Sunday" is a mistake, as it is well known that many people suffer from headaches and other ailments in consequence of this practice. When one is ill, the case is different; but, in a general way, strict regularity in the hours of retiring and rising should be observed as much as possible.

ARCHIE.—If a publisher to whom you submit a novel sees nothing objectionable in it, he may either publish it on commission or purchase the copyright. In this latter case, he may either buy the copyright absolutely by paying you a lump sum, or he may give you a royalty—that is, a proportion of the profits resulting from the sale: or, further, he may give you so much down and a smaller royalty. Everything depends upon the opinion he forms of the work. Unless he feels confident that it will be a success, he will only consent to publish it on commission.

SCOTUS.—You will find full particulars as to the Mormons in any good cyclopedia. The sect, which has now attained dimensions so considerable, was founded about the year 1827 by Joseph Smith, who alleged that he was the recipient of revelations from an angel. It derives its name from Mormon, a "prophet," who, it was asserted, had been commissioned by the Almighty to write an abridgment of the sacred writings. When, however, this abridgment came to light, it was shown to have been copied almost word for word from the MS. remains of a former clergyman named Solomon Spalding, who died in 1816. Smith became a polygamist in 1838, against the express dictates of the Book of Mormon; and it was not till 1843 that he received a "revelation" authorising the practice.

IGNORANCE.—The duty of a cashier is so different according to the place he occupies, it would be impossible to outline even the general scope of his duties. Every bookkeeper should understand the requirements of such a position, so far as he is called upon to perform them, and *vice versa*. We cannot say for certain, but we do not think that in the case you specify, the cashier has anything to do with entering such items as you give on the Day-Book or Ledger. That would fall to the lot of the regular bookkeeper or an entry clerk. The cashier—so called—in these establishments, merely takes the cash and gives change, retaining the saleswoman's statements or bills as vouchers for her accounts. Then at a certain time she sees that the statements and bills balance and hands over the money to the cashier or treasurer proper. The best thing you can do is to take a course of study in bookkeeping.